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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



FLOOD ENJOYS LETTING THE READERS TAKE OVER

We get letters. In an average week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's readers write us hundreds of them. We get letters that praise stories, letters that probe issues and letters of the "Sir, you cur" variety.

"Each week the mail has a pattern of its own," says Associate Editor Gay Flood, who has sifted through a mountain of missives over the years. "But even within those changing patterns, there are things you can be sure of. If we run an article about Nebraska, we're going to hear from Oklahoma. If we say something controversial about Notre Dame, we hear it from all over the country. But articles on issues that affect life beyond the playing field, such as the environment, drugs and the problems of young athletes, always elicit the most thoughtful responses."

During her 26 years on our staff, Flood has also been our expert on fitness and sports medicine. She edited bridge for three years and researched the article "The Soft American," written by then President-elect John F. Kennedy. But nowadays, her main assignment is to pore over the mail and select the most interesting letters for 19TH HOLE (page 70 in this issue). Flood has no set criteria for choosing the letters that will run in the magazine, because she prefers to make her selections according to the tone of the mail itself. "I really do try to let the readers take over," she says.

Flood has occasion to phone many letter writers and generally finds them

to be enthusiastic and sensitive, with strong points of view. Occasionally she comes across a correspondent who hasn't quite gotten everything he wanted to say to SI off his chest. Not all the letters we run, after all, are flattering ones. "I've never hesitated to phone unhappy readers," says Flood. "Challenges keep us on our toes."

Sometimes Flood hears from readers who think the mails are the only way to communicate, and that can present a problem. Recently she received an intriguing letter from a correspondent in rural Connecticut who had no published phone number by

which she could contact him for necessary clarification. Flood enlisted the aid of a state trooper, who tracked down the reader and asked him to contact our office. "I think he was a little surprised by that approach," says Flood.

Though she's never written a letter to an editor herself, Flood believes that reader-editor correspondence is "very important. More people should write, because their opinions help to effect changes in our society."

Flood, who enjoys water sports, lives in a Hudson River community near a boat club co-founded by her grandfather, William C. Dycker, who, among other things, was a notable ski jumper. Her mother, Lucy, taught her to ski, and her father, Ned, played a little football at the University of Florida under James A. Van Fleet, later to be a four-star general. Gay studied English and philosophy at Smith. When she was graduated in 1957, she thought she had a job at *The New Yorker*. "But when I went there," she says, "they told me that the position was filled—coincidentally, by another girl named Flood." It was SI's fortune to benefit from this overflow of Floods. Besides, Gay probably wouldn't have liked that other magazine. It doesn't even have a letters column.

Robert L. Miller

Why **Sports Illustrated** subscribers keep coming back...



January 20, 1983—Pasadena, California

Photo by Ronald C. Brown

Super Bowl XVII—the game, the week preceding it and the aftermath—was molded in the image of John Riggins... What he had done on that long day's journey into night in Pasadena's Rose Bowl was grab modern NFL football by the scruff of the neck and toss it a few decades back into a simpler era—big guy running behind bigger guys blocking.

"You look at the play-by-play," Theismann said, "and you'll see: Riggins off-tackle left, Riggins off-tackle left, then maybe a little Riggins off-tackle right, an occasional pass by me, then Riggins left, Riggins left, and one more Riggins left. I imagine if we were still out there we'd still be running Riggins left." The Redskins' forward wall—the Hogs, and of course Riggins, the honorary Hog—wore them down. "What sets John Riggins apart," [Washington coach Joe Gibbs] said, "is a champion's heart." Paul Zimmerman SI January 7, 1983

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BOOKTALK

by DANIEL O'HEEN

THIS BASEBALL NOVEL WOULD BE A HIT, EXCEPT FOR A FEW AUTHOR'S ERRORS

The fantasy is universal and inescapable among lovers of baseball. We grow up imagining ourselves as our heroes, patrolling the green of a major league outfield, tapping the plate with the business end of a bat, even standing languidly by the dugout water cooler. Everyday realities evaporate as we dreamily transport ourselves into the stadium, into the pristine home uniform, into our own dreams. We want, for only a moment—yes, that would be more than enough—to play in the majors.

Which is why the premise of Gary Morgenstein's *The Man Who Wanted to Play Center Field for the New York Yankees* (Atheneum, \$14.95) is so arresting. Danny Neuman, 33, caught in de-

meaning dead-end work as a hack writer, smothered by a claustrophobic marriage and pained by the unrelenting decay of his body caused by, among other things, excessive smoking, decides he's going to try out for—and make—the New York Yankees.

Well, like the novel itself, he makes it and he doesn't. Never mind that one-third of this book is shtick (some of it pretty funny, in fact) straight from the old radio and TV show *The Goldbergs*. Never mind that another third is humdrum young man's angst (not in the least bit funny). Never mind that Neuman's newfound conditioning program is directed by a pair of transvestite fairy godmothers nicknamed Sadie and Pistol who live upstairs from him. But at least for 90 pages out of 272, Neuman's fantasy glows with such incandescence that one cannot help but be transported by it. Pushed by his dream, he shows up for an open tryout at Yankee Stadium. A familiar Stadium character, a capricious club owner here called only the Boss, likes the potential public relations value of

signing this hapless dreamer. When he is sent to the Class A Greensboro Hornets of the South Atlantic League, Neuman sinks into depression because he realizes he's there as some sort of gimmick. He finally gets called up near the season's end, the Yankees' p.r. apparatus now desperate for something to brighten a dull season.

On the glorious day Neuman reaches the majors, he's almost ready to reach from what seems a bud case of nerves. Actually, his constitution is set reeling by a combination of guilt and lost illusions. He suddenly realizes he is sullying his own fantasy, his life's dream, by sitting on the bench where only heroes—his heroes—belong. Propelled by his desperation to succeed as much as by anything else, Neuman smites a home run in his first at bat—and walks back to the dugout, down the runway, through the clubhouse and out of the park. Though his fantasy is destroyed by its fulfillment, his disorderly life is set straight, and the book is brought to an apt and touching conclusion.

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Still, with all its sophistication and speed this Wolfsburg Limited Edition Scirocco is the lowest priced German sports car you can buy.

Ausgezeichnet?

Ausgezeichnet, yes indeed!

[Scirocco save lives.]

Nothing else is a Volkswagen



EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A TRANQUIL INTERLUDE

The immediate effect of Bowie Kuhn's announcement last week that he was resigning after 14 years as baseball commissioner was to bring the game's 26 usually fractious owners together. Recognizing that his efforts to save his job were doomed, Kuhn decided to spare all concerned further acrimony by stepping aside, a move that brought sighs of relief from the 17 owners who supported him as well as the nine who didn't. Suddenly and blessedly, the owners found themselves speaking with a single voice on these two [count 'em] issues:

1) They unanimously agreed to modernize their procedures so that, in most matters, they'll no longer be voting separately by leagues but by majority rule (although ballots of the 12 National League clubs will be weighted slightly more heavily than those of the 14 American League clubs).

2) Also without dissent, the owners adopted a motion to keep Kuhn in office until Dec. 31 or until a successor is named, whichever comes first.

Those two actions are chronicled here for the sake of posterity. Since only the identity of the commissioner will be changing, not the identities of the fiercely independent owners at whose pleasure he serves, the spirit of unanimity, we promise you, will be shortlived.

THE GREAT KEEL FLAP

The New York Yacht Club has intensified the controversy over the mysterious keel of *Australia II*, the runaway leader in the trials to select the foreign challenger for the America's Cup, with a letter to the International Yacht Racing Union formally requesting that the boat be re-measured. The letter argues that *Australia II* wasn't "fairly and equitably" rated when all the Twelves were officially measured before the start of the June trials and thus might not be a legal 12-meter. An irate Alan Bond, head of the *Australia II* syndicate, replied that he was "amazed at the lengths to which the New York Yacht Club was obviously prepared to go in their endeavours to avoid competing with *Australia II*."

The determination of what is or isn't a bona fide 12-meter is based on a compli-

cated mathematical equation that takes into account, among other things, length, girth, draft and sail area. In June the IYRU's Measurement Committee, made up of an Englishman, an Australian and an American, measured all 10 of the competing yachts—seven foreign and three American—and certified all of them as Twelves. At Bond's insistence, however, *Australia II* was measured behind closed doors with armed guards standing watch. Since then, when the boat has been hauled out of the water at night to have its bottom scrubbed, the Aussies have shielded the keel from view.

If *Australia II* had turned out to be just another boat, the secrecy might have been shrugged off. But *Australia II*'s showing so far in the trials makes it clear she could be a formidable rival to the Americans. In requesting a re-measurement, the New York Yacht Club is within its rights. At the same time, the club, which as holder of the "deed of gift" for the America's Cup has broad powers to set and change the rules for the competition, shouldn't throw its considerable weight around on the matter, as it has sometimes done in past Cup wars. A common correction for boats that are found to exceed the 12-meter rating, one that can be accomplished without chopping hulls to pieces, is a lessening of sail area. Since sails are the engines of a sailboat, this usually means a slower boat. However, it ought to be left up to the IYRU—and the IYRU alone—to determine whether *Australia II* should be re-measured and, if the boat is found to be misrated, to specify the remedy.

WORSE THAN SPARTAN

The IX Pan American Games are scheduled to begin on Aug. 14 in Caracas, Venezuela. As of Sunday, exactly one week before the opening ceremonies, it was impossible to find a timetable of events or a list of competitors. Officials conceded that electricity and running water would probably be unavailable at some venues. Engineers in Olympic Stadium, site of the track events, were still trying to figure out where to locate finish lines. Meanwhile, in a surprise 11th-hour development, the Pan American Sports Organization took over the games from

the Venezuelan government, which earlier had wrested control from local organizers. Terry O'Neil, executive producer of the CBS-TV team that will cover the Pan Am Games, calls arrangements in Caracas "worse than Spartan." Nevertheless, word was that the games would go on.

ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO PEACE

Athletes United for Peace, an organization in Lawrence, Kans. that seeks to use sports to promote greater understanding between the U.S. and U.S.S.R., brought a Soviet women's basketball team to town recently for a visit that included a couple of awkward moments. One of the hitches occurred when the Soviets were taken to a meeting of the Lawrence city commission for a closeup look at democracy in



action, only to have the commission retreat behind closed doors to discuss some appointments to city boards. So much for open democracy. Then the visitors were whisked off to see a movie, which they "took in the right spirit," as one of their somewhat embarrassed hosts later put it. It seems that the Soviets had been taken to the James Bond epic, *Octopussy*, without anybody realizing that one of the film's villains is a U.S.S.R. general who tries to blow up a U.S. Air Force base in West Germany.

continued

MOVES AND MACHINATIONS

Now for more substantial trouble involving a planned Soviet visit to the U.S. On orders from his government, 20-year-old Soviet grandmaster Gary Kasparov, considered by many to be the best active chess player in the world, failed to show last week for the start of his scheduled world championship semifinal candidates' match in Pasadena against Soviet émigré Viktor Korchnoi, 52. The international chess federation (FIDE) then declared Korchnoi the winner by default. At the same time, Soviet authorities refused to allow Vasily Smyslov, 62, to compete in the other semifinal candidates' match, against Hungary's Zoltan Ribli, 31, at Abu Dhabi, United Arab Emirates. It was uncertain whether FIDE would order that match moved to another

site or would declare Ribli winner by default, too.

The Soviet explanation for keeping Smyslov home was simply that Abu Dhabi was too hot, but the situation in Pasadena was considerably more complicated. Soviet officials said they objected to Pasadena for security reasons and because the city hadn't been the first choice of either player. Sources in Pasadena and in Soviet chess circles translated this to mean that Soviet officials were afraid that Kasparov, who is half Jewish and who, by their lights, isn't considered politically reliable, might defect. It was also theorized that Moscow wanted to send signals to U.S. sports officials that a Soviet boycott of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics was possible. There was further speculation, farfetched though it may

seem, that the Soviets feared that holding the match in Pasadena, Bobby Fischer's home territory, might somehow lure Fischer back into action, thereby jeopardizing Soviet domination of the game.

If FIDE orders Smyslov to forfeit his match with Ribli, the latter would play Korchnoi this fall for the right to meet world champion Anatoly Karpov, a Soviet citizen who is considered politically dependable by his government. But Karpov has reportedly said he'd refuse to meet the winner of a match contested by two men who won their previous matches by default. FIDE has warned that if Karpov refuses to play, he would forfeit his title. Thinking a few moves ahead, as chess people are wont to do, some observers predict that the imbroglio will end with Soviet bloc countries breaking with FIDE and setting up their own "world" championships.

THE SEA GULL FOLLIES

(A Farce in One Act Featuring the Yankee Repertory Players)

Time: Thursday evening, Aug. 4, 1983. *Scene:* Exhibition Stadium at Toronto, home of the Blue Jay and the herring gull (*larus argentatus*). *Waiting for their neck-to-neck postgame feast of half-eaten hot dogs, gulls from nearby Lake Ontario (line from the official Blue Jay song, "Is it a fly ball or is it a sea gull...") perch in the stands, frequently descending onto the field. Completing his between-innings warmup tosses, Yankee outfielder Dave Winfield throws a ball toward the bullpen that has a gull on the field. The bird falls dead. As Winfield holds cap over heart in mock solemnity, carols are heard from the stands. Dissolve to a series of fadeouts.*

TORONTO CONSTABLE (at local station house after the game): You're under arrest, David Mark Winfield, under Section 4.02, Subsection 1A, of the Criminal Code of Canada, for causing unnecessary suffering to an animal. Maximum penalty, six months in jail, \$500 fine. Bird is hereby set at \$500.

WINFIELD: Believe me, this wasn't intentional.

BLUE JAY FAN (on the phone to the Toronto Star): I saw him point at the bird before throwing the ball. That's right, just like the Babe's called shot before that home run in Chicago.

YANKEE MANAGER BILLY MARTIN: If they think Winfield did it on purpose, they should see the throws he's made. This was the first time all year he's hit the cutoff man.

YANKEE THIRD BASEMAN GRAIG NEST-

LES: It's not like he killed a Blue Jay. It was a gate-crashing sea gull.

NEW YORK SLURRAY RIBER (reading aloud to a companion, in suitably hysterical voice, from a newspaper editorial): Listen to what the Daily News says, will you?

"They had some nerve charging Dave Winfield with cruelty to animals in a country where baby seals are clubbed to death—and with baseball bats!"

COMPANION: Hey, that's pretty heavy stuff.

ANDREWS'S TORONTO FAN: This whole thing makes our city look silly.

ONTARIO MAGISTRATE: After considering this matter for 24 hours, I find there was no criminal intent on Mr. Winfield's part and am therefore dropping the charges.

YANKEE BOSS GEORGE STEINBRENNER (dictating his inevitable statement to the press): Dave Winfield is perhaps one of the most caring players in baseball today. I can assure you that I, personally, and, I am sure, our players as well, care about wildlife in our country just as much as the Canadians do in their country. Blah, blah, blah.

As Steinbrenner continues his monologue, the Yankees can be seen at the background displaying in New York, where Martin is promptly suspended for two games by the American League office for having called on umpire a liar after an earlier game. It's the manager's second suspension of the season as a result of confrontations with umpires. Steinbrenner, who has also been suspended and has been fined \$50,000 for hitting umpires in this endlessly eventful Yankee campaign, drones self-righteously on. The lights dim, leaving the stage as dark as pine tar.

SOMETHING NEW TO GRIPE ABOUT

Regulars at the Taconic Golf Club, which is owned by Williams College in Williamstown, Mass., have the impression that management really doesn't want them to use the new suggestion box it has put up. The box is attached to a post implanted in the middle of a large water hazard on the 4th hole.

THEY SAID IT

• John McEnroe, when asked whether he wanted guards to evict a woman who yelled an obscenity at him during an exhibition match against Guillermo Vilas in Miami: "That's O.K. She just gave me a line for the U.S. Open."

• Roy Smalley, Yankee infielder, on the needling he receives from teammates over his designer wardrobe: "They get on me, but they all dress like Walt Garrison and thank Giorgio Armani plays for the Cosmos."

• Samantha Smith, the 11-year-old girl who visited the Soviet Union at the invitation of President Yuri Andropov, explaining to Johnny Carson why her friends in Manchester, Maine had missed an earlier appearance of hers on *The Tonight Show*: "I got bumped by a Boston Red Sox game."

• Alberto Salazar, revealing his secret training regimen for coping with possible smog during the marathon at the L.A. Olympics: "I'll start the car in the garage and run in there."

**"I concentrate on making money.
EF Hutton concentrates on making it grow."**

Tau Hutan

A full-page photograph of a male golfer in the middle of a golf swing. He is wearing a red short-sleeved polo shirt over a white long-sleeved shirt, and white trousers with a dark belt. A large cloud of sand is being kicked up by his club, partially obscuring his face and the background. The background is dark and out of focus.

**When EF Hutton talks,
people listen.**

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 15, 1983



A Pool Party With



Lundquist, called an "animal" because of his aggressive style, broke the world record in the 100 breaststroke and tied the U.S. 200 IM mark.

Records

Five world and two American marks were set at the Long Course Nationals in Fresno, but some old champions were struggling to keep afloat

by **DEMMIE STATHOPOLOS**

CONTINUED

On Wednesday of last week Rick Carey, a 20-year-old sophomore at the University of Texas, hurled himself off the wall at the Clovis West High School pool in Fresno, Calif. and swam to a world record in the 200-meter backstroke. It was a whale of a way to get the U.S. National Long Course championships perking, and before the week was out there would be four more world and two American records set. Sad to say, though, American men were a long way ahead of American women in terms of prowess on an international scale—so much so that there was near despair over the women's Olympic chances at Los Angeles in '84.

But back to Carey and the good news. His 200 mark of 1:58.93—in a qualifying heat, no less—bettered the 1:59.19 swum by John Naber way back in 1976 at the

Montreal Olympics. Carey had spent the previous evening loitering around his hotel room eating tortillas, watching *The A Team* on television, drinking "about four gallons of apple juice" and contemplating his rice plan, which was kind of lard back. "I want to do about two minutes," he said. "Play it by ear, and then turn it on strong with the last 50." Carey swam the first 150 meters just off world-record pace, and then went flat-out for the last leg, stroking it in a fast 30.66. "I feel kind of numb," he said afterward. "I didn't think I'd do that well. The importance of what I did today, though, was not so much what I did, but that it took seven years to get past Naber's record."

It was hot when Carey swam—104° that afternoon and 95° for the evening competition—but few of the 1,285 competitors in the meet were complaining. The nationals were serving as the trials for this week's Pan Am Games, and Caracas would no doubt be hotter than Fresno.

Carey went out fast in the final, registering a world-record split of 27.51 for the first 50

meters. But he was unable to maintain the pace and finished in 1:59.27, .34 second off his own mark and slower even than Naber's old record. The pressure of holding the world record was getting to Carey already. "I kind of pushed too hard," he said. "I made a lot of dumb moves and I was uptight. All day long I couldn't stop thinking about the record. Everyone kept stopping me on the deck and congratulating me. I couldn't go anywhere without thinking of it."

Next to fall on Wednesday was the U.S. mark in the men's 800 freestyle. Jeff Kostoff, 17, of Upland, Calif., easily lifted it from Tony Corbisiero after qualifying second to Tony in the prelims. Kostoff touched in at 7:58.31, .19 second better than Corbisiero's record but nearly six seconds away from the world mark of Vladimir Salnikov. Kostoff had beaten Salnikov in a 400 in Bonn last February, but he was not ready to launch an 800 challenge at the Soviet swimmer. "Firstly, Vladimir is still better than I am," Kostoff said. "Secondly, this isn't a Pan Am event, so everybody swimming in it was thinking, 'I'm not going to kill myself.' Besides, you don't want to shoot your wad the first day."

Maybe not, but the men's 200-meter

Carey singlehandedly washed John Naber's world records in the 100 and 200 backstroke off the books, and then best his new 100 mark.





Gribble finally flew in the 100 fly, beating the world record by .37 after missing it by only .2 of a second or less six times in the last two years.

breaststroke is a Pan Am event, and Steve Lundquist, 22, an SMU graduate, had come up to it off tough workouts with SMU Assistant Coach Eddie Sinnott. At a prerace press conference, Lundquist, who had damaged a shoulder two years ago in a motorcycle accident, declared himself fighting fit. "I've had some problems with my shoulder lately," he said, "but I've been taking some great drugs. Aspirin." Lundquist, already the world-record holder in the 100 breast (1:02.53), thereupon claimed the American 200 record with a 2:15.38, 1.88 seconds better than John Hencken's 1976 mark.

After Wednesday's race Sinnott said of his prize student, "Lunk is learning how to stay in control, lengthen his stroke, to swim his race and not look around. When he goes 100 fast he spins in the water. In the 200 he only looked around once, in the first 50 meters, when he checked out John Medley. But he still has a better race in him. He's an animal, the type of guy who won't train for the silver medal. He wants the gold."

The animal never looked back. On Friday Lundquist and American-record holder Bill Barrett went head to head in the 200 individual medley, finishing in a dead heat to equal Barrett's mark of 2:03.24. "I had no idea who won," Lundquist said later. "I looked up at the scoreboard and saw two ones. Then I looked

at the times. Deductive reasoning came into play. Tying and equaling a record, that's pretty bizarre." And then he hummed a few bars from the theme of *The Twilight Zone*.

Off in his own zone, meanwhile, was Rowdy Gaines, 24, who graduated from Auburn last year. The American- and world-record holder in the 100-meter freestyle at 49.36, Gaines won that event Wednesday night in 50.21 but could not savor the victory because he hadn't gone as fast as he felt he was capable of. On Thursday night he stood behind the blocks before the start of the 200 freestyle, switching with nervousness. He is also the American-record holder in this event (1:48.93), and held the world record until Michael Gross of West Germany took it away from him in June.

At the gun Gaines was sizzling, and at the halfway point had a world-record split of 52.45. But he touched in at 1:50.32, 2.04 off Gross's mark, and, worse, finished second to UCLA's Bruce Hayes. When he walked into the press trailer to be interviewed, Gaines looked shell-shocked. He struggled for words and shook his head in frustration. "I



swam exactly the same race I always do," he said. "I go out and go for it. I've always had a great last 50." He bowed his head. "I've never swum this way in my life. Before this, every year I got faster and faster." As he walked away he said, "I have no confidence. It's like I have this line drawn down the middle of my body. One half wants to quit, the other half remembers all the great competition and wants to swim. I must have watched *Rocky III* a hundred times. He was afraid. He was afraid to lose. And if you're afraid to lose, you'll lose. On the blocks tonight I was starting to imagine what it would be like to lose. I'm not about to swim next year if I can't overcome that fear." Gaines turned and walked away, and there were tears in his eyes.

continued



Lurda and Barrell tied each other and a 200 IM record

SWIMMING continued

Gaines's coach, Richard Quick, tried to explain the swimmer's dilemma. "He's been defending a champion's position for quite a while now," Quick said. "There are pressures involved. In swimming there's no structured program after college. You're not only losing money, you're losing professional ground, too. This is costing him a career future as well as money. He's on a grant from U.S. Swimming, \$6,000 a year, and that's near the poverty level. You know how many of our 1980 Olympians are at this meet? A lot. Many of them wouldn't be swimming today if there had been an Olympics in 1980. The boycott was psychologically bad for them."

But for 1984 Olympic Coach Don Gambril was the performance of the women at Fresno. "We're beginning to shore up in some places," he said, "but frankly, we look frightening in others." Rudy Hart, manager of venue press relations for the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, had an equally depressing reaction. "Except for Tiffany Cohen in the 400 and 800 freestyles," Hart said, "our women will not be favored to win a single Olympic event."

Unless they pull themselves together, Lord knows, they're trying. Mary T. Meagher, world- and American-record holder in the 100- and 200-meter butterfly, won the 200 fly Wednesday at 2:09.53, almost four seconds off her record. And on Saturday night she finished fourth in the 100 fly, in 1:01.08, her first loss in the long-course nationals in that event in six years. Meagher, newlyvelte, having dropped 10 pounds in three

weeks, obviously had the future very much on her mind. "The Olympic 100-meter fly is exactly a year from today," she said. "Oh, it's a leap year, so it's 366 days from today." Meagher, who has just completed her freshman year at Cal, plans to take the next academic year off just to train for the Olympics. "I've got to stop making excuses,"

she said. "I'm coming off a disappointing college season, and I spent the summer getting back into shape." She also admitted that she had probably been on top too long. "I was too confident," she said. "It was a real eye-opener when Ines Gessler [of East Germany] beat me in the 200 fly at the Worlds last year. At the Bonn meet in February I was a basket case. I was crying before my race. And I'm back to being nervous up on the block. I used to use my nervousness to my advantage, but now, on the morning of a race, I panic. That never used to happen."

Twenty-year-old Tracy Caulkins, who won her 47th national title at Fresno, seemed to be in the grip of ennui. Caulkins is the American-record holder in the 400 IM (4:40.61), but on Thursday her winning time was 5.10 seconds slower than her record. She finished second to Meagher in the 200 fly. "It's frustrating," Caulkins said of her slow performances, "because I don't know why." Caulkins always looks cheerful, even when she's recting her shortcomings. "I think I've changed a lot since I was 14 or 15 years old. Then I was just out there having fun. Now it's work. But I have more experience, that should help." She brightened as she thought of her other pluses. "I'm bigger and stronger, and that should help, too." Then, in a wistful voice, she asked, "So why don't I go faster?"

But it was not all doom and gloom for the women; some new talent emerged at Fresno. Dara Torres, a 16-year-old from Beverly Hills, chalked up a world "best"

in the 50 free (25.62), and Carrie Steinseifer, a 15-year-old from Saratoga, Calif., who was swimming in her first long-course nationals, won the 100 free in 56.52, within sight of Sippy Woodhead's American record of 55.63. Steinseifer particularly impressed Pan American Coach George Haines. "We have a lot of catching up to do in the women's events," he said, "but it's a good indication when a 15-year-old wins." It took a while for Steinseifer to come to grips with her victory in the 100. Her main concern had been making the Pan Am team, not winning. "I couldn't believe it," she said. "I turned around and looked at the scoreboard and thought 'I said I was second. I was happy with that. Then I turned around and looked again, and when I saw 'first' I almost went crazy. I'm sure I'll feel pressure on myself to maintain this level of performance, but I don't think it will affect me. Becoming a champion gives you a lot of confidence in yourself." She obviously hasn't been having long chats with Tracy or Mary T.

But, uh, those men. On Saturday, the meet's last day, no fewer than four world records fell. Carey did it again, this time



Kostoff powered to a U.S. mark in the 800 free but suffered no delusions of grandeur.



Winner of three titles, Cohen may be the only U.S. woman favorite in the '84 Games.

in the 100 backstroke, stripping Naber of his last world mark, also set at the '76 Olympics. Carey broke the record first in the morning prelims with a 55.44, .05 better than Naber's best, then came back that night and swam even faster, taking .6 off his own record. Carey is a good friend of Naber's, and he phoned him the night before the 100. "He helps me out," Carey said. "When it comes to race planning, you can't beat him." Naber gave Carey

some sound advice: Get some sleep, have something to do. So Carey took a walk early on Saturday, and then went back to his hotel and watched TV. Following his record in the prelims, Carey was very low key, playing down the achievement. "I thought it was a solid morning swim," he said. That's Carey.

He may not be an animal but Matt Gribble, 21, of the University of Miami's Hurricane Swim Club, assuredly is. Grib-

ble had missed beating the 100 fly world record of 53.81, held by William Paulus, by .2 of a second or less six times in the last two years. Now he broke through the barrier with a 53.44.

The old original animal, Lundquist, capped the day by bettering his own world record in the final of the 100 breaststroke with a 1:02.34. Lundquist, who loves the limelight, was delighted with his showing at the meet. "It's my best performance ever," he said.

In the end, Cohen, who'd won the 400-, 800- and 1,500-meter freestyles, was given the Kipfluth Award for the foremost female swimmer, while Lundquist was named the top male. Oh, and Guiness gained a measure of encouragement by swimming a 49.78 freestyle leg in the 400 IM relay that helped the Texas Longhorns' "A" team break its own American club record with a 3:45.66.

Afterward, as fireworks lit the sky over Fresno, Gaines draped his arms around his Texas teammates, flashed the "Hook 'em Horns" sign to the crowd and just smiled and smiled. It was like old times for Rowdy and, hopefully, a portent of new and faster times to come. **END**



There's A New Bear On The Loose

Hal Sutton put a death grip on the PGA Championship to steal a classic Jack Nicklaus charge

by DAN JENKINS

In the end, Hal Sutton even stood up to Jack Nicklaus, thus confirming the suspicion in professional golf that what we have here may well be the offense of the '80s. Blond, strong, determined, unfraid: That's Sutton. Now add that he's the 1983 PGA champion in his second year as a pro. And young Hal won the title the way you would want him to win it, by pulling himself together and making pars over the last four holes of the Riviera Country Club in Pacific Palisades, Calif., to beat back both Nicklaus and Jack's reputation, to beat the heat and the killer smog and, finally, to beat the choking dog that was struggling to climb out of him.

For most of Sunday afternoon, in the final round of the year's first major championship, the contest appeared to be between Sutton and the weather. Would he melt away before reaching the huge old Spanish-style stucco clubhouse as the runaway winner over some unheralded challenger like Pat McGowan or John Fought? Sutton had led since his six-under 65 in Thursday's opening round put him one stroke up and into a position he would be called on to defend the rest of the way. He was strong enough to get more distance than most out of the Kikuyu rough, an unusual grass with the texture of dry spaghetti that is the chief characteristic of the Riviera course, and the slower-than-expected bear greens were obviously to his liking. Sutton's 66 on Friday increased his lead to three strokes. Although he slid to a one-over 72 on Saturday, Sutton still went into Sunday with a two-stroke lead on Ben Crenshaw and a six-stroke lead on Nicklaus, with a few unexciting in between.

At this point, anyone rooting for Crenshaw to break his record of finishing second in six majors without a win was praying more than hoping. Crenshaw had fired rounds of 68, 66 and 71 the first three days, even though he was hitting fairways at the rate of one an hour. Crenshaw looked like the only real threat to Sutton if he could just continue chipping in (as he had at the 14th on Friday and the 18th on Saturday), stay out of Riviera's harricane, its Kikuyu rough and its eucalyptus trees. But, alas, he couldn't do any of those things and disappeared

with a 77, into a tie for ninth place.

When the last round began no one had a right to take Nicklaus seriously—except, that is, for Jack himself, who said he'd need a 65 to have a chance to win. After rounds of 73, 65 and 71, Nicklaus was not only six shots behind Sutton, but also nearly 20 years ahead of him in age. Throughout much of the day, Jack only provided set decoration. Even when he turned the front side in two under, it meant nothing, for Sutton would shortly turn it in three under, leaving them seven shots apart. The fact is, Sutton would have had a huge lead on everyone if it hadn't been for Peter Jacobsen, best known for his imitations of other pros, who was playing four holes ahead of him. Jacobsen was doing something he'd never done before—shooting a final-round 65 in a major. So it was first Jacobsen, then Nicklaus who captured Sutton's attention on the scoreboards.

Jacobsen got home with a total of 276, eight under par, just as Sutton was finishing a string of bogeys at the 12th, 13th and 14th holes. It was also then that everyone realized what a superb round Nicklaus was playing. Always in the fairways, forever around the flagsticks, Jack was putting together a 66 that would get him in with a nine-under 275. On the back side, Nicklaus nailed birdies at the 10th, 14th and 16th holes. But he flailed miserably on his third shot to the par-5 17th, a wedge that landed 30 feet short of the pin. Jack thus missed the birdie that would have given him the hoped-for 65 and a share of the lead, which might well have given Sutton a terminal case of the yips.

Earlier in the week, it was pointed out to Nicklaus that if he won the PGA, something he has already done five times, he would replace Tom Watson on the Ryder Cup team, which Jack long ago was selected to captain in this October's matches. "I'd like nothing better," Jack said, smiling.

Well, as it happened, Watson made the Ryder Cup team despite a 48th-place

Sutton rammed home pars on the final four holes to preserve his wire-to-wire victory.





finish because Sutton gathered himself and finished with a par 71 and a total of 274. Sutton isn't eligible for the international matches because he hasn't been a professional long enough to satisfy the various PGA requirements. All he does is set money-earning records and win major championships. Sutton set a rookie record with \$237,434 last year and broke the second-year record even before he picked up his PGA winner's check for \$100,000, giving him \$397,684, tops on the tour by more than \$100,000. As for majors, Hal won the U.S. Amateur in 1980 and the Tournament Players Championship last March. If the TPC were considered a major, as it ought to be, then Sutton would have won the first and last majors of the year.

As he stood on the 15th tee Sunday after his three bogeys had cut his lead to one shot, Sutton realized he had become too conservative. His approach shots from the rough at 12 and 13 and his tee shot at the par-3 14th had left him short of those greens, and his chips hadn't nestled any pins. His choke act at the Anheuser-Busch Classic two weeks earlier, when he blew a six-shot final-round lead to Calvin Peete, ran through his mind.

"The crowd was mumbling about Nicklaus, but I didn't need them to tell

me that the Bear was coming," Sutton said. "I told my caddie on the 15th, 'I've got to get going again.' I think I did."

Sutton's pars over those last four holes were without thrills, but more important—without panic, although things got hairy on 17. His drive found rough on the right, his second shot rough on the left. But he made a great pitch and an easy two punts. It must have soothed Hal just to have Jack off the golf course.

It would have been a true Hollywood finish if Nicklaus had somehow managed to win the '83 PGA with his brilliant comeback. But Sutton is too talented to have let the script be doctored in such a way. There on the 18th hole—Cardiac Hall—Sutton knew he needed a four to beat Nicklaus. All he did was burn a driver into the fairway, crack a five-iron 14 feet from the cup, then take a routine two putts, the last one about four inches long. "I've got a pretty good average on four-inches," Sutton said afterward.

One of the first chaps to greet Sutton on the 18th green was another strong blond, a guy who's won 19 majors and has now finished second in 19 more. He grinned and quickly stuck out a hand.

"Congratulations," said Jack Nicklaus, 43, to Hal Sutton, 25. "I have a feeling this is the first of many."



Nicklaus stalked his 20th major, but came up one stroke short of the Bear apparent.

Hector (Macho) Camacho never lived up to his nickname better than he did last Sunday afternoon before the boxing fans who have doubted him the most—native Puerto Ricans. Fighting before a crowd of 10,000 in San Juan's Hiram Bithorn Stadium, Camacho slashed and binged his way to the WBC's vacant super featherweight title (130 pounds) with a fifth-round TKO of Rafael (Bazooka) Limon, a 29-year-old veteran who had no defense for the speed and power of the 21-year-old Mucho Man. His victory was so convincing, his style so commanding, that he is unquestionably boxing's ascending star. Cer-

first he likely will put his title on the line against Puerto Rico's Wilfredo Gomez, a former super bantamweight champion. Camacho must make a mandatory title defense against either Solis or Boza-Edwards, but the WBC may allow him to fight Gomez first. It would be in San Juan, of course. Said Camacho, "Before I came here [to fight Limon], the Puerto Rican people doubted me. The biggest thing here is Gomez, but now the people know who the Macho Man is."

Limon certainly found out who and what the Macho Man is. Camacho steamed into the ring in leopard-spotted trunks, jacket to match and a red, white and blue Puerto Rican hat, and began his wild dance-and-jab act. Limon, for his part, had crept into the ring almost unnoticed at least 10 minutes before Camacho showed. It was as if Limon knew he was to be a bit player.

Limon was not an entirely unworthy opponent, though. He had engaged in six

Macho Camacho went home to Puerto Rico and knocked out Bazooka Limon to win the WBC super featherweight title **by JACK McCALLUM**

Macho: Too Mucho For Bazooka

tainly Camacho himself doesn't doubt that one bit.

"Everything's on schedule," he said before the fight. "I just developed into a fighter faster than anyone thought possible. I started doing things that veterans haven't done. From then on I just showed the world. They remembered my name—'Macho Camacho' Mucho Camacho." They remembered my style, I couldn't be stopped."

Certainly not by Limon, ranked No. 3 going in, and probably not by any of the other top WBC contenders, either. As champion, Bobby Chacon twice avoided mandatory defenses against Camacho, the last dodge causing the WBC to strip him of the title, thus creating the vacancy. "Anyway, Chacon and Limon have fought so many times [four, with Chacon winning twice, Limon once, and one draw] that beating Limon's like beating Chacon," Camacho said. Rafael Solis, now the No. 1 contender, and Cornelius Boza-Edwards, No. 4, don't have the talent, style or charisma to match Camacho, who is now 22-0 overall and 7-0 on CBS.

Camacho earned a reported \$150,000 for his destruction of Limon, but the big-money fights will come when he gains weight. He could easily move up to 135 pounds for fights against either of the lightweight champions, Ray Mancini (WBA) or Edwin Rosario (WBC). But

Camacho's wicked lefts were on target; this one sent Limon to the canvas in Round 3.



world-title fights, winning three of those championship bouts, and he felt this would be to his advantage against Camacho. Still, Chacon would've been a better opponent for Camacho, if only because Chacon beat Limon (last December) and Bora-Edwards (in May) in his most recent outings. But when the WBC couldn't get Chacon to fight Camacho, it stripped his title and set up the Camacho-Limon match. "We cannot accept outlaws, and Chacon is an outlaw, at least according to the bylaws of the WBC," said WBC President José Sulaimán. Chacon, however, filed suit to regain his title, and his case will be heard on Sept. 8 in the Superior Court of California.

In deference to that action, Sulaimán decided to call the Camacho-Limon fight

an "interim championship." That was a lot of blatherdash to the Camacho and Limon people. "They got the belt here, ain't they?" said Camacho's manager-trainer, Billy Giles. "And they gave it to Camacho after the fight, ain't that right?" That's sure what Camacho was wearing around his waist at his victory party Sunday night at the Palace Hotel.

A buzz saw, not a belt, whipped Limon. Camacho leaped out of his corner at the opening bell and chased Limon backward, nearly bowling him over in the first 10 seconds. Camacho dominated that round, as well as the second, while Limon was able only to send out his long, slow, looping rights and lefts. Near the end of the third round, Camacho, who had been scoring primarily with his right, sent a straight left out of nowhere to Limon's cheek and put him down. Near the end of the fourth, Camacho again caught Limon with a left, then followed up with a flurry of rights that sent him careening against the ropes.

By this time it was obvious that Limon, who many times in his 11-year pro career (he's now 47-13-2) had given up the early rounds only to battle back, was on borrowed time. Camacho was doing exactly what Giles, who's somewhat of a street bard, had said he would do: "We're going to be a bartender at first, getting him a little drunk. Then, when he's good and drunk, we're going to mug him." In the fifth Camacho doubled up Limon with two body shots and sent him down in the center of the ring. Camacho's power, which he increased sparing with a welterweight, Boo Boo Sawyer, was impressive. Limon got up, but a few seconds later he was sent down and through the ropes near his corner. He got up again, but when Cam-

acho continued his relentless attack, Referee Richard Steele wisely stopped the fight. It was Camacho's 12th knockout.

While Camacho and his supporters danced wildly around the ring, Limon sat in his corner and wept softly. Later he would say he had a problem with his weight (he had said on Saturday morning that his weight was fine) and with the heat (it was 93° at fight time), which are things all old warriors say. Finally, he admitted: "He hits hard with both hands, but it's his speed that's too much."

To this point, Camacho's macho act has not been too much to take. In a sport that hardly needs another bag of wind or a media creation, Camacho has been the real thing, displaying talent in the ring and a quick wit out of it.

The Limon fight was Camacho's first in his native land (he was born in Bayamón, a small town near San Juan, and moved to New York with his mother three years later), though he often goes there to visit family. For five weeks he stayed at the Palace Hotel and trained at the Benito Ortiz Gymnasium in the barrio of Obispo. There were more than enough distractions during his training, particularly for a young man like Camacho, who is easily distracted.

"A lot of girls I didn't know would leave messages," he said before the fight. "And then my girl friend [Keisha Colon] would call for the messages and she'd ask me, 'Who's Nancy? Who's Diana?' I'd say, 'I don't know.'"

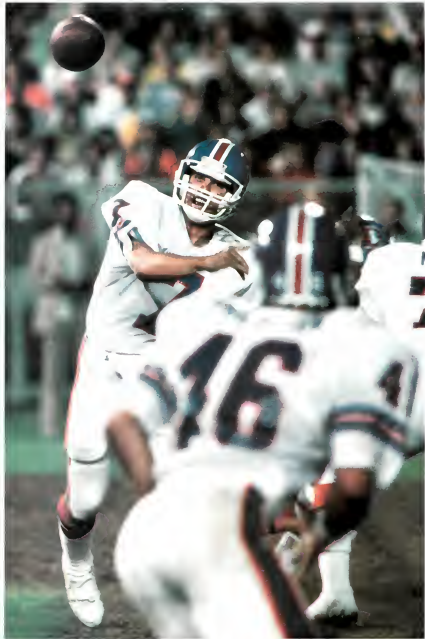
What Camacho does know is that Wilfred Benítez, Rosario and Gomez, in particular, while all respected and admired in Puerto Rico, would lose a personality contest to him in the first round. "I talk to Benítez and Gomez and try to be real friendly," Camacho says. "But they don't seem to want to talk. A while back I see Rosario driving around my area at 115th and Lexington in New York. I'm all dressed up in my leather things—I wear leather a lot, you know—and I wave to him, real friendly like. But he just looks away from me."

"I know I've gotten this far because I can talk and I can smile. People go for it."

Giles sees it this way: "There was Ali's time, Duran's time and Leonard's time. Now it's Camacho's time."

If boxing fans can go for all that leather, and Camacho's opponents can't take it, then Giles is probably correct. **END**





In Denver, Delirium Is Spelled E-L-W-A-Y

Playing his first NFL game, Quarterback John Elway exceeded even the mile-high hopes of a football-mad city **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

In a show-stopping performance that blazed across the Denver sky last Friday night, Bronco Quarterback John Elway established himself—in exactly four minutes, 22 seconds—as a phenom of extraordinary proportions. That's how long it took the NFL's most heralded rookie in cons, and at \$1 million a year its highest-paid player, to grab the Broncos—2-7 last year and trailing in this game 7-3—by the throat and march them, nay, stampede them, 75 yards into the Seattle end zone for the winning touchdown. The drive took 10 plays—Elway's first 10 as a pro—and during it the quarterback completed five of six passes, in the rain.

If he keeps this up, he'll be a legend by September and eligible for sainthood by October. Pete Rozelle instructs us to call them preseason games, not exhibitions. But make no mistake. This was an exhibition. Of greatness. Of talent that has not come the NFL's way since Joe Namath. "My God," exclaims former NFL Wide Receiver Mike Haffner, a Denver sportscaster, "he's Namath with knees, Bradshaw with brains." Would you believe Moses with shoulder pads, Ghandi with cleats, Churchill with humility, Einstein with humor? Help, can't stop.

There were 53,887 fans at the game in the former Mile High Stadium (the name has already been changed in the minds of many to Elway-Bombs-Away-Stadium) for this historic moment. That means in years ahead, exactly 4.3 million people will claim to have been there. One who was, Rick Wenzel, 27, of Colorado Springs, says, "Elway is life for us." A

21-year-old co-ed, Carrie Erickson, takes the low road: "I think he's a stud."

Elway played only in the second half, after veteran Steve DeBerg, the Broncos' regular quarterback last season, went the first 30 minutes. The fans booed DeBerg when he was introduced, and, as it turned out, that was the high point of his night. Once during the second half Elway went to the sidelines for two plays because of problems with the tape on his shoes, and DeBerg replaced him. The rowdy Bronco locons were beside themselves with boos. It wasn't fair, it wasn't decent—but it was to the point. As Elway had shown the Broncomaniacs, he not only has an enormously better arm than DeBerg but also a better arm than most of the rest of the NFL quarterbacks lumped into one.

Of course, Elway got the game ball. Of course, his passing percentage (.667) on 10-of-15 was impressive. Of course, he later praised his teammates. And, of course, he said, "I've got a long way to go, and a lot to learn." Why wouldn't he? We're talking here about all-American golden boy and matching arm.

Said Bronco Coach Dan Reeves: "He did not execute all the plays well but he did a good job overall." But Reeves's demeanor belied his restraint, the coach looked like a man who had turned on his lawn sprinkler

and found it was spewing oil. The next day it was announced that Reeves had agreed to a four-year extension to his contract.

Denver and, indeed, all Colorado have been caught up with Elwaymania ever since the Broncos signed John to a five-year, \$5 million package on May 2. And mediomania has been out of control. Get this. On Saturday, *The Denver Post* published 14 photos of the Broncos-Seahawks game (including two in color, one on the front page), eight stories and five charts and graphs. The *Rocky Mountain News* had 10 stories, five photos and one chart. Come on, *News*, more photos, more charts. Get with it.

At the Bronco training camp at the University of Northern Colorado in Greeley, seven communications trailers for television and radio use are parked

continued



To Elway, one interception was no cause for sweat.

Elway connected on 10 of his 15 passes and sparked the game-winning TD drive.

alongside the practice field. Seven! Three of the trailers are for daily sports talk shows that last three to four hours.

The main subject of conversation and calls generally is Elway. Both of Denver's newspapers run a feature which is called "The Elway Watch," made up of every tidbit that they can scrape together. An example from *The Post*: "Elway spent some time Wednesday examining the ear-ring Larry Evans wears under his helmet."

At the Bronco offices there are 16,360 names on the waiting list for season tickets; according to ticket manager Gail Stuckey, this represents about 50,000 seats. For this season, Stuckey says, fewer than 100 on the list got tickets. Near the bottom is computer programmer Randall Hay, 30, of Littleton, whose guess that he'll get tickets in 10 years is unduly optimistic. "It's O.K.," he says. "I couldn't afford them now anyway." The Broncos have been sold out for every regular-season game since 1970, and raising the capacity of Mile High Stadium from 51,000 to 75,103 in 1977 put only a small dent in



Even a \$5 million man strains to keep his chin up.

the waiting list. Elway exacerbates the situation. On the day he signed, 200 fans signed too—on the waiting list—for tickets. They will probably get seats in time to see Elway's grandchildren play.

The fact is, Elway—hounded and besieged every step by fans and media—is the first able-bodied young quarterback the Broncos have ever had. And only three out of the Broncos' list of 30 have been any good at all. First, there was old and creaky Frank Tripucka, who led them to their first break-even season, 7-7 in 1962 in the old AFL. And there was old and creaky Charley Johnson, who guided them to their first-ever winning season, 7-5-2 in 1973. And then there was old and creaky Craig Morton, who took them to the

Super Bowl in 1977. That's it. Once, the Broncos gave up two No. 1 draft choices to get Steve Tensi, who was awful; another time they gave up a No. 1 and 2 to get Matt Robinson, who was worse. And surely you remember Mickey Slaughter, Jack Lee, Joe DeVito and Al Pastrina. Irv Brown, a former college basketball referee and now a local sports commentator, says of the parade of quarterbacks through the franchise, "Basically, the town feels like it has been stifled."

No more. Now it's Baltimore that feels stifled. The Colts, remember, made Elway the No. 1 pick of the NFL draft even though he had warned that he would never play for them. When Elway seemed on the verge of signing to play baseball for the New York Yankees if Baltimore wouldn't trade him, the Colts finally came to their senses and moved him. Trouble was, Baltimore owner Bob Isray became a phenom going on legend himself by making a terrible deal. To get Elway, the Broncos gave

up Tackle Chris Hinton, their own No. 1 draft choice, along with not-so-fine backup QB Mark Herrmann and their No. 1 pick in the 1984 draft. That's it.

Before he got Elway, Bronco owner Edgar F. Kaiser Jr. was unpopular in Denver because of his frugal image (never mind that Denver had the highest average player salary in the league last season and, with Elway's contract, should retain the honor); he was perceived as a big-bucks guy from Vancouver who wanted to milk the team and sell it for a profit. But with a single masterstroke, Kaiser made a drop-dead statement to his critics. "I like building things and making them work," says Kaiser. "If the team loses, do I expect to be loved by the fans? No. How will we do this year? Hopefully better. Steve DeBerg isn't that bad, but because of our record last year, fans see him as that bad. And I don't believe Elway was outrageously expensive, just expensive. The worst thing that can happen is maybe he won't turn out to be better than Joe Namath."

Veteran Bronco Linebacker Tom Jackson says, "What the signing of Elway meant was commitment from Edgar Kaiser Jr. Up to that point, we wondered whether our owner was truly committed to this football team. He proved it. Now

continued



Elway hasn't any intention of sitting, so DeBerg might as well just throw in the towel.

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it's up to us to prove we're worth it."

Ah, yes, Kaiser for King. And Elway for God.

You know all the bio stuff. John is a brainy Stanford grad. Dad is football coach at San Jose State. John is California blond and just wants to be one of the guys. Last week he stared up into the magnificent blue of the Colorado sky (which he also owns; you can look it up) and said, "I'm an ordinary low-key guy. I'm not perfect. I like to screw around. I'm a little kid at heart."

As a youngster, he threw dirt clods and liked it, and then he moved along to football. He snaps the ball right back to his ear, just like Namath. His release is so quick that they should time him in practice with a laser beam. And the ball gets there so fast that defenders spend most of the time muttering. Says Bronco Linebacker Bob Swenson, "Say you're responsible for a 10-yard zone, five on each side of you. With that little flick of Elway's, you can't cover it." Cornerback Louis Wright marvels, "He throws 50-yard bombs like 10-yard curbs."

But for all the Elway buildup since May 2, there was the caveat: He had never thrown an NFL pass in anger. Never had the start of a second half been so widely anticipated as last Friday's.

At 8:54 p.m. M.D.T., Elway trotted onto the field for the first time—and the Denver fans gave him a thunderous ovation. Once the noise subsided, Elway set up at the Denver 35-yard line. His first play was a handoff to Fullback Rick Parros. Boring. And a 10-yard holding penalty. On the next play, Elway passed to Parros, bam, six yards. First pro pass, first pro completion. Deafening cheers. Next play, Elway drilled Running Back Dave Preston for six more. Doubly deafening cheers. Next time up to the line, Elway saw the Seahawks in man coverage and sent out four receivers. One of them, Rick Upchurch, ran a shorter route than he was supposed to, eight yards instead of 12, but a quick throw by Elway saved the day and gained nine more yards—and Elway's first NFL first down. The fans now were in a state of apoplexy.... Whoops. Disaster. After those three straight completions, Elway threw incomplete to Upchurch.

Then came the highlight of the night. In the shotgun formation, Elway looked at his four downfield receivers, expertly picked out All-Pro Wide Receiver Steve

Watson and threw the ball on a rope for 38 yards. "Elway," says Watson, "just takes this game to the limit."

Two plays later, on the ninth of the series, Elway had Parros open in the flat but threw some Holy Smoke right up the middle to the double-covered Upchurch, who grabbed the ball for a 16-yard gain to the two. "Nothing wrong with that throw," said Reeves, "when you have that kind of ability." Next play, Running Back Sammy Winder took it over. Delirium. The Broncomaniacs had just seen their future and they were in love.

Next series, Elway made a brilliant 13-

Safety John Harris got it. "Those things will happen," said Elway airily.

Didn't matter. The fire was lit; make that Eternal Flame. Bronco fans are sure they are on the eve of another Super Bowl. They may have to wait a season or two, though; realistically, Denver figures to be about a 500-team this year.

Oh, yes, Reeves says DeBerg is still the No. 1 quarterback. Against Seattle, DeBerg completed eight of 17, for 89 yards, same as Elway. But he, too, threw an interception and showed the same traits that alarmed the Broncos last year: poor reads and poor third-down conversion



His debut complete, Elway got the game ball and another dose of Denver's mediamania.

yard run out of a scramble, but that was when his shoe came off. Two plays later he returned, in time to pass on a third-and-eight, but keyed the wrong side and threw incomplete. So what? Denver was penalized for holding anyway.

The remaining four series were uneventful for Elway, playing as he was with large numbers of rookies, free agents and never-will-bes. However, on his third series, Elway did throw—please sit down—an interception. True. He did. His problem was, he saw a defensive back coming up and when he tried to throw short in front of him, Seattle Defensive End Jeff Bryant tipped the ball and Free

ratio. On third downs, DeBerg was two of seven getting the first down, Elway four of eight. Irv Brown suggests, "People say they shouldn't bring Elway along too fast. I say, 'Why not?'"

The situation was summed up best and most succinctly after the game had ended when Bronco Kicker Rich Karlis, who was one for two on field goals with a 48-yarder, walked up to Kaiser, shook hands and said to the boss, "Nice acquisition." Nobody had to ask which nice acquisition Karlis was talking about. That's the way it is when you are dealing with a phenom going on legend going on saint.

END



Splendor And Agony In Helsinki

As the first World Championships in track and field began, there was victory for some, but for others grievous injury **by KENNY MOORE**

They began in the Helsinki Olympic Stadium at 3:05 last Sunday afternoon under a blue Finnish sky. Ahead lay 26 miles, 385 yards of racing across an archipelago of granite islands in the Baltic Sea. Although marathons traditionally conclude major games, this one was the first final of the first World Championships in track and field outside of the Olympics. That was satisfying and proper because these marathoners, 62 of them from 30 countries, were women. Eighty-seven years after the first Olympic marathon for men, women finally were equals in the eyes of international officialdom.

But if this race was historic for its justice, Norway's Grete Waitz and those clustered around her as the field departed through the stadium tunnel would make it unforgettable for its performances. Carey May of Ireland and Rumiko Kaneko of Japan led early. At 6.2 miles, May and Canada's Jacqueline Gareau, the 1980 Boston winner, were in front in 36:13. "I was surprised that it wasn't very

fast," said Waitz afterward. "We were sitting in the pack, watching each other."

Caution seemed well-advised. It was 70° and the air was dry, with that bright sun. The course rose and fell incessantly. "I don't think the time will be very fast because of the hills and the conditions," Julie Brown of the U.S. had said. "But I expect it to be competitive." That meant she had no intention of letting Waitz, who took the women's world record from 2:32:30 to 2:25:42 in three successive New York City Marathons, run away. Brown, who in June had won the Avon Marathon in Los An-

geles with 2:26:24, becoming the fourth fastest woman ever, placed herself at Waitz's elbow. There she would stay for another 17 miles.

By 9.3 miles, Gareau had built an eight-second lead on a pack of 14. Waitz



Juontoranta, his foot broken, cried vainly not to be moved.



Dancers in colorful array celebrated the meet to the patriotic strains of Finlandia.

the stadium, the grand march of the rest of the athletes began the opening ceremonies of this week-long meet. One hundred fifty-eight nations paraded in, more than in any Olympics. It was startling to realize that this was the first time since the 1972 Games that the best track athletes from the U.S., Africa, Europe and the U.S.S.R. have been able to strain at each other in championship competition without being driven apart by Olympic boycotts. Unlike swimming or cycling or practically any other Olympic sport, track and field had never allowed itself a world championship in non-Olympic years. There seems no good reason for that oversight, as the inaugural attracted almost every contender on the planet.

Two notable exceptions were Sebastian Coe, who had come down with another mysterious glandular infection, similar to the one that had prematurely ended his 1982 season, and Joan Benoit, the women's marathon record-holder, who chose to concentrate on shorter races this summer.

The International Amateur Athletic Federation found in Helsinki a politically neutral site and an athletically rabid one. Finland, thanks to its decades of wonderful distance runners, from Hannes Kolehmainen to Paavo Nurmi to Lasse Viren, has won more men's gold medals in Olympic track over the years than any other nation besides the U.S. And the Finns put on the most moving opening pageant imaginable. The stadium rang to Sibelius' *Finlandia*, the austere hymn of patriotism that was banned by the Czar before Finland declared its independence from Russia in 1917. And much as Nurmi had unexpectedly appeared at age 55 to carry the torch

into the 1952 Olympics, this time it was Viren bearing the country's white and blue standard.

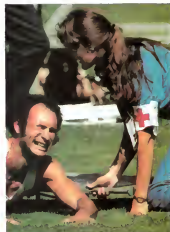
Eleven miles away, Ireland's Regina Joyce surged into the marathon lead. There was no reaction from the pack, save worry. "Should we go after her?" said Waitz to Brown. "She'll come back to us," said Brown. So Joyce reached halfway with a 30-second lead and continued on beside Helsinki's docks and central marketplace, past the salons of Manmekko and Arabia, her green uniform and red cheeks and bouncing, wet, raven hair impressing the area's fashionable onlookers as much as her courage.

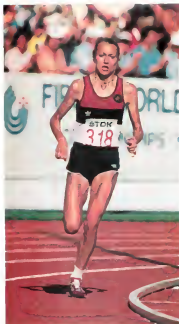
Back in the stadium the second-round heats of the women's 100 meters were being run. One matched the two favorites, Marlies Göhr of East Germany and Evelyn Ashford of the U.S. Ashford displayed the remarkable mid-race acceleration that had deserted her when she lost to Göhr in the U.S. vs. G.D.R. dual meet in Los Angeles in June, and won by two feet, in 11.11. Then she immediately creag doubt about whether she could do it again in the final when she grabbed her right hamstring. "Just a twinge," she said, looking unwell. "Where's the ice?" But it didn't augur well. Though she had won her semifinal in 10.99 on Monday afternoon, later that evening she was 50 meters into the final, just at the point where she should have been accelerating, when the torn hamstring, an old injury aggravated during the week, gave way. Göhr went on to win. Ashford was out of the race, out of the meet and out of commission for at least eight weeks.

Carl Lewis fared considerably better. He had looked around five times in his first-round heat in the men's 100 meters before winning in 10.34. In the second round he did it only once in a 10.20. He was on his way. The next evening, in the final, Lewis beat the new world-record holder, Calvin Smith, in 10.07. Emmitt King was third, giving the U.S. its first medal sweep in the 100 in world competition since the 1912 Olympics.

Not so fortunate was Cuba's Alberto Juantorena. The 1976 Olympic champion at 400 and 800 meters had been hav-

continued





WORLD TRACK continued

ing his best season since 1977. But easing down the stretch in his early afternoon 800-meter heat, coasting in second to Brazil's Agberto Guimaraes, Juantorena was caught at the line by a rushing Juma Ndiwa of Kenya. Juantorena remembers being hit on the hip. Videotape replays didn't seem to show much contact. Yet Juantorena, perhaps galled at the possibility that Ndiwa had stolen the last qualifying spot from him, swerved from his position near the outside of Lane 1 and let his right foot descend onto the track's metal curb.

He fell onto the grass of the infield in agony, and was at once set upon by frantic attendants, who within 90 seconds, over his vehement protests and gesticulations, strapped him, still writhing, to a stretcher and bore him away under the stands. The last that could be seen of him was a final, dramatically resigned collapse onto his back, delivering him-

Waltz proved her dominance against the first assembly of the world's best women marathoners. Below, Dickerson, ready to pass Smekhnova, was a surprise second.



self to these incomprehensible people.

Juantorena had torn two ligaments on the outside of that ankle and broken the fifth metatarsal bone in his foot. Surgery repaired the damage. He will be in a cast for at least a month.

Outside, the marathoners had completed their loop through downtown and now began to retrace their steps. "Like horses, smelling the barn," Brown had said they would be here, and the pace was indeed quickening. Waltz, seeming the firm schoolmistress she is, led the remaining contenders nearer to Joyce. Brown looked strong, as did two Soviets, Lucia Belyayeva and Raisa Smekhnova. The race's surprise was 22-year-old, 5' 4", 98-pound Marianne Dickerson of St. Joseph, Ill., who was running but her third marathon. A direct, animated soul, she is a graduate student in industrial engineering at Purdue, but plans to transfer to Michigan to get, almost for the first time in her four years of serious running, a coach. Her arm action may have been a bit ragged but the fact that she was still in contention caused her to exult, to nurse outlandish hopes.

"I had figured that there was no way I could even think of getting a medal against a lot of these women," she said (Brown, for example, had beaten her by more than seven minutes in the Avon race.) "But I knew I would kill any slight chance I had of a miracle like that if I didn't run their pace as long as I could."

At 18 miles, Joyce still looked fresh. A spectator held out a sprig of wildflowers. Joyce took it and carried it until nearly 19 miles, when Waltz finally brought Brown, Smekhnova and Dickerson past. They all ran single file into the wind, taking shelter behind Waltz.

She didn't mind. She had never felt in difficulty, and she knew she had prepared better for this race than for any other marathon in her life. She had done longer runs than ever in the forest. She had skipped the whirl of short road races in favor of controlled time trials. A warm European summer had conditioned her to this weather, and she had been drinking deeply throughout the race, taking swigs of a Norwegian restorative drink from dark flasks that looked as if they might contain Jack Daniels.

Her husband Jack had been able to leapfrog along much of the course. "It's

great to see so many women fighting out a marathon when only a few years ago there would have been miles between runners," he said. "Of course we don't have equal opportunity yet. There are still no 5,000- or 10,000-meter races for women in this meet or the Olympics."

It was just such an in-between distance runner that had him most worried. "Smekhnova was second in the world cross-country in 1979," he said. "You have to respect her ability to finish."

Watz's respect moved her to destroy that ability. Once in the lead, she took the pace down a notch with every kilometer. Dickerson was the first to be left. Then, at 20 miles, where Brown had said, "Here the party will really begin," Brown herself had to surrender to a painful Achilles tendon. She dropped back precipitously, having sacrificed everything for the sake of staying near. She would drop out with three miles to go when the pain in her heel became unbearable. But still the bespectacled Smekhnova clung.

Such tenacity invoked the Olympics, making one think of the hero of the 1952 Games here, Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia, who won the 5,000, 10,000 and marathon, a triple never equaled.

There were other indicators of Olympic pressure, too, occurrences peculiar to each event. In the shotput, for example, where Olympic tradition is that big meet nerves unhinge everyone and ruin all predictions, sure enough, the two longest throwers this year, world-record holder Udo Beyer of East Germany and Dave Laut of the U.S., finished sixth and fourth. Edward Sarul of Poland upset everyone with his last throw of 70' 2 1/2". Beyer was nursing an injured hamstring. Laut, the only thrower using the spin technique, had a timing problem, firing most of his throws down the right side of the sector, proof that he hadn't launched them with all the power he can develop.

Sarul's performance called up memories of his countryman Wladyslaw Komar's upset win in the 1977 Olympics. Sarul was 13 then. He got a book on shot-putting out of the library and taught himself to throw. To this day he hasn't returned the book.

And now, after exactly two hours of running, Watz shook free of Smekhnova. "The plan was to be sensible and save something until 30 kilometers [18.6

miles]," Watz said. "After that, I ran how I felt."

She felt fantastic. Her stride was balanced and light; she still had the control to run two inches from curbs, to nimbly avoid potholes, to run even faster. As she held the long blue line down Mannerheim street toward the stadium, she seemed born to be an expression of this kind of endurance. Even the little vexed crease that earlier had adorned her forehead had disappeared. She drove hard up the last hill just 650 yards out, seeming profoundly alone compared to all those finishes in New York surrounded by exhausted men. This was a truer view of her accomplishments, a graphic image of how far ahead of the world's women she is. But she didn't feel alone. She thought of Benoit. "But that's for later, for Los Angeles," she would say.

Once back on the track, she ran the last 320 yards in 52.5, even with a couple of waves to the crowd, and finished in 2:28:09. She had run the second half of the race nearly four minutes faster than the first.

Watz struggled out of a Birnbjergnagran wreath the officials had loaned her with, and trotted around the turn, peering up the tunnel, as curious as the rest of the crowd over who would be second. Dickerson had been running at Smekhnova for half an hour, ahead of Rosa Mota of Portugal and Gareina Joyce had dropped to seventh place, where she would finish. "The last three miles, I just had this wonderful high," Dickerson said. "I didn't know if I would get her, but I was juiced just to be trying."

With 650 to go, at the base of the stadium hill, she needed 30 yards. Into the tunnel, she needed 10. "It was ironic," she would say. "Last week at our training camp in Stockholm I concentrated on track work; I kidded our coach, Dr. Ken Foreman, that if I needed to kick, I'd be

ready. When I got onto that track, it really hit me, I had a chance."

Smekhnova, a children's sports school coach, knew Dickerson was coming. "It was a very difficult finish," she said. "I can't remember much of it now."

Down the backstretch, Smekhnova accelerated, holding those 10 yards. Then in the curve she faltered and looked back.



Lewis won the 100-meter heat and led a U.S. sweep.

Dickerson was relentless. She caught Smekhnova at the end of the turn and went wide. As she passed she glanced over. Smekhnova looked away, dared behind her round spectacles.

Dickerson was four seconds ahead at the end, 2:31:09 to 2:31:13. While Smekhnova still lay drained by the effort of her life, Dickerson romped off to call her folks. Her exclaimed assurances surely described the entire Championships as much as her own future: "Oh, there is lots left, I just know there is."

END

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In the last few months alone, candidates for big-time sport's Hall of Shame have seemed suddenly to break out all over like an ugly rash. Just skipping lightly over various recent incidents and indictments, we find that a Houston Rocket was fined \$300 and put on probation for drunk driving, two Baltimore Orioles were mentioned in connection with an ongoing drug probe, a Baltimore Colt quarterback was suspended for a year for an incredibly expensive gambling habit, a Los Angeles Dodger relief pitcher has twice confessed to cocaine dependency, and a former Heisman Trophy halfback, now gone to fat and counterfeiting, is co-operating with authorities in an investigation of a \$6 million funny-money scheme. We have four NFL players suspended for four games each by Commissioner Pete Rozelle for possession of cocaine, five Dallas Cowboys involved (but

and stands guilty of attempted bribery to fix races, a No. 2-ranked junior middleweight boxer sentenced to 35 years for aggravated sexual assault (among other violent acts), and a welterweight boxer sentenced to three to 10 years for breaking a man's jaw in a barroom brawl. Just last week a Super Bowl safety was arrested at his team's training camp and charged with taking part in a cocaine-selling operation, and a Kansas City Royal outfielder was accused of punching a woman in the face in a Milwaukee hotel room.

These events have all been entered on the police blotters and court records of our land—or have been disclosed in continuing investigations—since the month of March. To randomly pick out a few other entries since, say, the decade of the '80s began, we find an even more diverse array of athlete-perpetrators: No fewer

What's Happened To Our Heroes?

Each week brings news of athletes' misdeeds. How serious is the situation? Here is the result of an SI inquiry by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

not indicted) in a major federal cocaine investigation, an ex-New York Giant given three years' probation for possession of cocaine, and a Los Angeles Rams linebacker serving a one-year prison sentence for killing a teen-ager while driving a car under the ox-staggering influence of .23% alcohol in his system. We also have a Chicago Cub pitcher found guilty of assault on a police officer, a jockey (one of the top half dozen leading lifetime money-winners) who had an appeal denied

than seven top-drawer powerboat racers from Florida arrested and charged in connection with drug smuggling, a former WBC lightweight boxing champion given life for murder, a Chicago White Sox shortstop placed on probation for breaking into a department store while drunk, a manager and a coach of the Royals convicted of hindering and interfering with police during an altercation in the Royals Stadium parking lot, an ex-Chicago Black Hawk sentenced to six

months in jail for illegal use of credit cards, a former New York Ranger found guilty of "criminal solicitation" (he tried to get someone to break the wrists and ankles of another man), and—in some lighter shades of shame—two members of the Eastern Hockey League Baltimore Clippers sentenced to a day washing police cars after being found guilty of urinating on a squad car and interfering with police, and a carful of cheerleaders from the University of Colorado jailed in





Cracks in the athlete's pedestal widen as reports of wrongdoing steadily mount.

Kearney, Neb. for driving while drunk on the way to a football game.

Now what—if anything—does this all mean? Have we entered an era in which bad apples are so prevalent in sports that you can't tell the players anymore without an arrest sheet? Are shame and fame becoming synonymous in big-time sport?

Well, we can quite safely say no to that kind of hyperbole. Crime still doesn't pay as well as most any first-rank NFL running back is paid—let alone any second-

rank NBA forward. However, there is something happening out there that is pretty interesting. And maybe pretty disturbing. And definitely pretty puzzling to a lot of people. Various opinions, theories, ideas and arguments put forward by players, fans, owners and general all-round observers of the American body athletic are every bit as diverse as any promulgated by those medieval philoso-

phers who gnawed and nattered at each other over how many angels might get together on the head of a pin. Today the one thing everybody agrees on is that we are not dealing in angels when it comes to the current problems of big-time sport.

The question of whether there is measurably more misbehavior among major league athletes now than ever before is being met with totally contradictory opinions. The venerable, voluble Buzzie Bavasi, 67, executive vice-president of the California Angels, says pessimistically, "I've been in the game 43 years and can't remember anything on this scale." Lou Gorman, 53, director of operations for the New York Mets, is just as adamant when he says, "I've been in baseball for 22 years and I don't really see any difference in players' behavior." And then there is Russ Nixon, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, who says with optimum optimism "I think player conduct is a lot better today. You don't have nearly the drinking you used to."

The fact is, there may not have been any grotesquely major quantitative change over the years in the behavior or misbehavior of professional athletes in most sports. But there are two huge qualitative differences that affect the way today's athletes are perceived: 1) the media and 2) drugs. These elements are the keys to any examination of the I.Q. (Immortality Quotient) in big-time sport today.

First, the media. There was for decades a paky-waky, old-boy kind of relationship between athletes and newspapermen. As the Angels' Tommy John, 18 years a pitcher, says with a certain air of sadness: "When I came up, people who covered baseball were fans. They probably knew so-and-so was hung over when he pitched, but they didn't expose it to the whole world. They had the Ring Lardner boys will be boys' attitude. Now reporters aren't holding back to protect the image of ballplayers." Indeed they aren't. Partly inspired by the post-Water-

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAUL LAMBERT

gate school of macho-journalism, partly forced into competition with the ubiquitous eye and sensitive ear of television, sportswriters today are constantly searching for—and finding—scandals to expose, and editors are not reluctant to publish them. Says Dallas Cowboy-turned-author Peter Gent, "Athletics became a spectacle years ago. But television came in and pumped the spectacle right into the homes." Says noted sports psychologist Dr. Bruce Ogilvie: "Let's face it. In 1960 you could commit rape and murder, but if you were an elite athlete the chances of conviction or even of exposure were pretty low. That sort of protection has ended. It's reflective of the press, really, rather than an alteration in the moral fiber of sports." The difference between the great old Golden Age "heroes" who seem to gleam so brightly when compared to our badly cracked idols of today is, in large part, simply a matter of how little of the bad was actually reported in the old days.

Babe Ruth's drinking and training habits were no secret to everyone who came near him, but they were largely glossed over by the newspapers. Other great tosgots whose social habits went under-reported in their heydays were Jim Thorpe, Hack Wilson and Grover Cleveland Alexander. George Gipp, the Notre Dame golden boy, was not only a gambler but often bet on games he played in. Red Grange was considered a tramp-trotter for signing a pro contract without getting a college degree. A bit more recently, Earl Cocheff, ranked sixth in the U.S. in 1948, was banned from tennis for cursing at fans and abusing umpires, long before John McEnroe was born.

J. Michael Kenyon, a former sportswriter and now a radio talk-show host in Seattle, says, "Baseball players were like pool hustlers back in the early 1900s. They were animals. The railroads would cordon off whole cars to isolate them from other passengers. Old-time sportswriters—Ring Lardner and Grantland Rice—rode on trains and played cards and drank with those guys. None of that stuff ever got in the papers." Dick Gor-

don, a writer for *The Minneapolis Star* for 30 years, recalls that an assistant football coach at the University of Minnesota beat his wife during the 1950s and not a word appeared in the papers. In 1966 when Lance Rentzel, then with the Vikings, was picked up by St. Paul police on a charge of exposing himself in front of a young girl, the story was buried deep in the papers. And John Owen, a *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* writer for 26 years, says, "Years ago, I would hear from beat

Such are the hazards of being rich, famous—and a football star—instead of an insurance adjuster.

Along with new scrutiny by the media, professional athletes also seem to be getting more realistic treatment by both cops and courts. One day in 1963 Willie Mays parked his car in an illegal zone on a busy San Francisco street. When a policeman approached him, Willie said, "I'm Mays," and with impunity left his car for an hour. Asked whether 49er Quarterback Joe Montana would receive similar leniency today, a San Francisco policeman said, "If he didn't get a ticket, he'd have his car towed away. He's a great quarterback, but he's no hero to me." Dale Murphy, the Atlanta Braves' superstar, whose life-style keeps him about as far from cops and courts as Pope John Paul II, says, "It seems to me that athletes are being treated more like average citizens, and I think that's a positive step. We wear this uniform, but I think we should be treated like everybody else because we are like everybody else."

One of the more recent courtroom causes célèbres involved Cubs Pitcher Dickie Noles, who was found guilty by Cincinnati Municipal Judge David Albanese of slugging a policeman during a ruckus at a local nightspot. Noles is out on bail—still pitching. But that is

not what Judge Albanese, who handed Noles a 16-day sentence, intended, not at all. "I felt the crime was committed during the baseball season and that he should do his time during the baseball season," said the judge. "There has to be an impact." Noles's sentence is being delayed because his lawyers, who seemed surprised that Judge Albanese would not voluntarily postpone the sentence until after the season, are appealing the verdict.

So because athletes' names are no longer regularly expunged from police blotters, and because even the friendliest of sportswriters is forced at times to take at least a semblance of an adversary posture, it is far more likely that athletes' transgressions will be broadcast far and wide. And the bigger the name, the



In one of his roles, Rozelle dispenses justice in the NFL.

writers at the University of Washington training camp about football players who had been charged with statutory rape or who had busted up a drive-in or gone into a drunken rage. And the coaches would get to the authorities involved and say, "Look, this wouldn't be good for the university," and it would be kept quiet."

Times have changed. While some subjects are still taboo—for instance, a player's sexual activities are often kept secret by even the most dogged reporters—some of the endless coverage given athletes' problems is irksome—and, in many a case, seems unfair. As Quarterback Ken Anderson of the Cincinnati Bengals says, "All athletes now are really under a microscope. If your neighbor gets picked up for possession of drugs, it's buried in the papers. If it's a player, it's headlines."

continued



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broaden the cast. Thus, even though sins, crimes and faux pas are likely being committed by approximately the same proportion of athletes as in the past, many more of these misdeeds are finding their way into print, which makes us feel that we are beset by a terrible epidemic of jock wrongdoing.

Still, the other new element introduced into the equation of the 1980s—drugs—is making life for professional athletes very different than even in the immediate past. Miami Dolphins Coach Don Shula, an NFL defensive back during the 1950s, says, "There are many, many more temptations now than there were back then. At that time you had alcohol, but you didn't ever hear anything about drugs. Now there is this whole frightening new dimension." Well, yes, it is frightening and it is relatively new. It is also—at least when it comes to buying, selling or possessing cocaine—a crime. (Interestingly enough, marijuana, the

ing to overlook the criminality of it all and use the stuff regularly. Even among the general public there seems to be a grand ambivalence over the morality of using cocaine. Geoff Zahn, the California Angels' pitcher and a devout member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, says, "Society or whatever force it is—Satanism, humanism—has done an outstanding job of duping people into making things like cocaine, marijuana, intoxication by alcohol socially acceptable. We no longer think of it as something wrong but as an alternative, as a pressure release." Dr. Robert Kerlan, the noted Los Angeles orthopedic surgeon and team doctor for the Lakers and Rams, agrees. "I feel that the public in its vast personality is the cause of our permissive society, and it is this very permissiveness which is the reason that actions we used to consider totally unacceptable are now accepted."

So the big question is: How many pro-

than policemen, doctors, psychologists, clergymen or newspapermen when it comes to booze and drugs. Doctors will lead the pack in drug abuse, and I'd rather see a drug user swinging a baseball bat than taking out my appendix." Tim Stokes, a tackle for the Green Bay Packers, says succinctly, "America is a drug culture, so why should pro football be any different?" Some athletes still insist on clinging to the belief that it is, and that the sports world is a relatively clean one. Steve Largent, wide receiver for the Seattle Seahawks, thinks jocks do better than America in general: "There is no question that some professional football players are dependent on narcotics. But I would guess that the percentage among professional athletes would be a lot less than among society as a whole—substantially less."

Isiah Thomas of the Detroit Pistons puts it this way: "If there are 276 players in the NBA and 276 other people, of those 276 ordinary people, you're going to have 10 or 15 who don't conform to the norms of society, that do drugs. Well, that's what we have in the NBA. 10 or 15 of our 276—maybe not even that many. I think that's damned good."

It would be damned good, but it simply isn't so. As eminent a positive thinker as Rozelle admits that big-time sport has a more pervasive drug problem than does general society, saying, "Young and affluent people, through peer pressure or otherwise, seem to be the strongest candidates to be involved." Attorney Jack Manton of Cumming, Ga., an agent who has represented Herschel Walker as well as many other athletes over the years, says quite matter-of-factly, "Anybody who represents five or more pro athletes at some point in time will be confronted with some drug usage in his 'family.'" As for those persistent rumors of widespread coke use in professional basketball, Dr. Robert Alho, team physician for the Golden State Warriors, says, "I agree that 75 percent of the NBA has used it." Whatever the statistical truth may be, cynicism is rampant. Not long ago, when the Los Angeles Raiders received a player in a trade they were told that their new man was known to snort cocaine but that he definitely wasn't an addict. Replied a Raider official jauntily, "That's O.K. We were thinking about having a trophy this year and giving it to the guys who don't do any coke each week."

continued



In the old days, players were allowed to suffer through their problems in private.

most talked-about "problem" of the '60s and '70s, is barely mentioned anymore, even though it is widely used by athletes and still illegal.) As for cocaine, it seems that many adult Americans (four to five million is the current estimate) are will-

professional athletes are actively accepting the unacceptable? There are almost as many answers as there are grains of that white stuff in a line. The Rev. Bill Lute, a Baptist minister and psychologist from St. Louis, says, "Athletes are no worse

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However many athletes are using drugs, there are many others who don't, and are sick and tired of being snowed under by the coke sniffer's image. Ram Linebacker Howard Carson is one of the more vociferous objectors to the general idea that anyone who plays pro football is automatically sweet on nose candy. "What bothers me," says Carson, "is that everybody thinks we all snort cocaine. In many social situations perfect strangers offer it to me, and when I refuse they simply don't believe me. They think I'm putting on a show."

Another man impatient with the drug scene is the Angels' Reggie Jackson. "I don't call it sickness, I call it a weakness in character, in your philosophy of life," he says. "I can't imagine any hardworking person in his right mind spending a thousand dollars a day on cocaine. I can see guys throwing games and all kinds of crap if they're spending thirty thousand a month on drugs. I think the problem is that life is very easy. When a guy's 25 or younger and he makes two, four, six, seven hundred thousand dollars a year, that's a difficult adjustment. They don't know what to do with that kind of money. Your Roses, your Carbons, your Garveys, it was 10 years before they were making half a million a year. These kids don't know how to cope with it. So they go to drugs." Of course, two years ago your Rose and your Carlson were among a number of Phillies who were implicated in an amphetamine-buying probe, suggesting, perhaps, that older athletes are certainly not immune to the temptations of drugs.

A lot of people agree with Reggie that money—big money and guaranteed money—is at the root of the evil. Bill Vecek, now 60 and a sage of baseball, says, "They get too much too soon. The whole atmosphere is bizarre. This sudden infusion of money and adulation makes

normal balance hard to maintain. Money creates a world of fantasy. I think of Cesar Cedeño tearing up his airplane ticket because he's not going first class. They're spoiled," Jim Finks, general manager of the Chicago Bears, adds, "All these young athletes have been looked after all



Today the media spotlight makes the athlete's life an open book.

the way from junior high school. Some of them have had doctored grades. This plus the affluence means there has never been any pressing need for them to work things out for themselves. They have no idea how to face reality."

Alan Ingham, an assistant professor of kinesiology at the University of Washington, believes that the disintegration of athletes' morals begins at the lowest levels of sport. "In the early days of playground and high school leagues, one of the key issues was moral regulation," Ingham says. "You got sports, and you got Judeo-Christian principles thrown in, too. [Today] for the most part, the majority of things taught in sport are perfor-

mance things." Ingham feels that it may be unfair to hold professional athletes up against the highest moral standards when their development has always been geared toward optimum performance.

So, when the going gets tough, they often turn to drugs. And is that so bad, considering the cross-cultural pervasiveness of drug use among everyday non-athletes? Well, here is a nightmare that Angel Pitcher John Curtis, one of the game's sharper thinkers, shared with *The Boston Globe's* Peter Gammons when asked what would happen if a World Series was decided on an error by a player later found to be dependent on drugs. Said Curtis: "It won't matter if it's an ordinary human error. People are going to say, 'The World Series was decided by drugs.' Others are going to go from there and say, 'Who supplies the drugs?' And they'll be convinced that the line is drawn to the suppliers and gambling. No matter how innocent the error might be, it would be a disaster."

Disaster, indeed. But, of course, it hasn't come to that, at least not yet. It is by no means insignificant that of the various violations, indiscretions and misdeeds perpetrated by athletes, very few have been terribly costly and none has done any serious damage to the ever-sanctified "integrity of the game." There is only that intangible matter of image: The ancient idea that athletes should somehow be heroic instead of human, that small boys will have their ideals dashed, their lives warped if their favorite centerfielder has failed to pay a parking ticket—or has been caught buying a gram of cocaine.

For if there is one fact in all of this that seems irrefutable, it is that no matter how often he might complain about today's athlete, the American sports fan really does not care very much whether jocks misbehave or not—be it a matter of crime or mere bad manners. Men's ten-

continued

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us, at the moment, is a golden example of such indifference. On-court boonshness has reached new levels of repugnance, and there are indications of everything from under-the-table appearance guarantees to the probability of tanked matches. Two weeks ago the Volvo Corporation announced it would drop its four-year-long sponsorship of the Grand Prix tour in 1985: a \$25 million bid for a five-year extension was rejected by the

co-author of the authoritative *The Law of Sports*, takes issue with sports cars who argue that to sell their product, they must make certain, through punishment and other deterrents, that their product is clean through and through. "There is a superficial plausibility to what the commissioners say," says Weistart. "They say that sport must have a certain image the way car dealers say that a Cadillac, for instance, must have an image as a product,

of the sports world's most obstreperous violators of law, order and good taste himself—Leon Spinks. And with the NFL strike a distant memory, fans are coming back in their usual droves, coke users be damned. Indeed, in all the rash of bad news and bad actors in sports, both TV revenues and ratings have generally continued to climb. Says Robert Jeremiah, director of ad sales for ESPN, the sports cable-TV network, "I cannot cite one instance where an advertiser has expressed any hesitancy at all to get involved in sports programming because of some idea that it represents something morally distasteful." As George Karamcas, an owner of Ma Grundy's bar in Miami, puts it, "The big grape I hear from people here is the money those guys are making. The drugs and stuff, hitting a policeman, getting drunk—they figure it's par for the course. They're not all that surprised. Maybe a little disappointed."

And the kids? What about their heroes? What about their disappointments? What about their role models? Adam Elliot, a 17-year-old honor and three-sport athlete in Germantown, N.Y., says: "I don't really see them as heroes. I kind of envy them and think they're lucky to have what they have. If I see a player I know has been into drugs or in trouble with the law, I may feel a little distrust or maybe even a little sorry for him. But I don't pattern myself after them. In fact, if a guy is into drugs or alcohol, I think less of him and try not to copy him—except, of course, someone like [Los Angeles Dodgers pitcher] Bob Welch, who admitted he had a big drinking problem, solved it and is helping others. That's more of my idea of a hero today."

Perhaps the fans' attitude toward the whole Hall of Shame syndrome is best expressed by Mrs. Jackie Green, a Dallas bowling-league director. "Look, I don't have any respect for anybody involved in drugs or anything like that," she says. "But I'm still a Cowboy fan, is crazy about them is ever." Or maybe it was put even better by Matthew Conal McGuire, 13, of Webster Groves, Mo., who says, "Well, all that stuff has sort of taken the glory away. I guess I dunno. I do know I'm not that interested in collecting baseball cards anymore. I used to be a real big collector. Maybe that's why I quit—all the drugs and drinking and bad stuff. I dunno."



The fan doesn't really care about the player's woes as long as he has his tickets.

Men's International Professional Tennis Council "That was before all this negative stuff came out," says Volvo's Bjorn Ahlstrom. "Now we think it's worth much less." Oddly enough, he seems to be wrong. Not only is there no sign of a fan backlash against tennis, but at the Volvo International in North Conway, N.H., where Ahlstrom made his announcement, record crowds appeared. Tournament Director Jim Westhall was asked why he thought the ongoing churlishness in tennis seemed to have no effect on the gate. "Frankly, it doesn't matter in a bottom-line sense," said Westhall. "People come to see the players no matter what. In a moral sense, it's something else. Morally, I'm very disappointed in them. But if they don't rape and pillage and turn around and shoot people in the crowd, then people are going to come and see them perform."

Duke law professor John C. Weistart,

My own view is that most of this argument isn't sound. First, in sports you're dealing with people who have rights that cars don't have. Second, I am skeptical that the fans would leave anyway. I always say the best parallels can be drawn to the entertainment world. Mickey Rooney had—what?—eight wives? And that didn't dampen people's enthusiasm for his movies. Marlon Brando was a controversial figure. Even more damning—Roman Polanski. He was picked up for statutory rape. You can develop some distance between what happens on the stage and what's in their personal lives."

So it seems. There is no sign that sports fans can in any way be offended, shocked or morally violated enough to actually stop watching games. A fine example: During the NFL strike last fall, the highest-rated televised sports event on either CBS or NBC in the Sunday-afternoon time slot was a fight starring one



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And pitching for our Hagerstown Suns, three-time winner of the Cy Young Award, winner of 265 major league games, Number 22, Jim Palmer.

With that P.A. announcer and General Manager Bob Miller introduced the 37-year-old Palmer to the capacity crowd of 6,192 at Municipal Stadium in Hagerstown, Md., which is 70 miles west of Baltimore, which is where Palmer should have been pitching last Sunday.

What's a future Hall of Famer doing pitching in a place like Hagerstown? Well, Palmer has been on the Orioles' disabled list since July 3 with tendinitis in the triceps of his right arm, and he hasn't pitched since he lost to Detroit on June 25, evening his record at 2-2. He and the Baltimore management agreed that the best way for him to work his way back into the rotation was to do some live pitching in the minors. Since Hagerstown was so close to home, Palmer volunteered to go back down to Class A. "I was always pretty good in Class A," said Palmer, who was 11-3 with the Aberdeen Pheasants in 1964, the year before he made the majors.

So on Sunday, Hagerstown became a stop along the way to Cooperstown. Hagerstown is a city of about 40,000 that wears a blue collar and turns out Mack trucks. The Suns' franchise is only three years old, but it is something of a success story, financially and artistically. Owner Lou Elopoulos boasts of the 90 signboards in the outfield, probably the most in baseball, and when Palmer arrived the team was already on top of the Carolina League's Northern Division with a 31-13 second-half record. The day before Palmer's scheduled start, the Suns won three games: a doubleheader and a suspended game from the night before.

"When we got word Palmer was coming," said Elopoulos, "the calls came pouring in. And you know

what? Almost every one was from a woman." Amy Scerbo, 17, came from York, Pa., two hours away, with her sister and brother. "I have 30 Jim Palmer posters in my bedroom—10 underwear and 20 baseball. I like the underwear ones better."

Palmer showed up early, at about noon, driving the hour and 15 minutes from his home in Brooklandville, Md., with his daughters, Jamie and Kelly. "I told them they just might be seeing me

pitch my last professional game," said Palmer, "although I really didn't think so." In any case, it was a tight situation. The No. 22 uniform G.M. Miller had made up was a little small, and the centerfield wall was only 375 feet away.

The first ball was thrown out by some clown named Ronald McDonald—it was McDonald's Day at the park, as well as Palmer's Day. The pitcher for the Durham Bulls was Duane Ward, the youngest player on the field, having turned 19 May 28. "Let's see," said Ward, "when he was breaking into the majors, I was one."

Palmer got three ovations before he even threw a pitch, one for warming up, one for walking in from the bullpen, and one after Miller's introduction. His first pitch to Freddie Tihurco was a strike, and he got the 20-year-old to fly to right. Steve Chmú, 22, singled and stole second, but Palmer retired the next two. He breezed through the second and third innings, but ran into some trouble in the fourth. Mike Reynolds, 28, led off with a single, and Keith Hagman, 25, hit a ball to the base of the wall in center that Centerfielder Ken Gerhart, 22, lost in the sun for a double. Bryan Neal, 24, singled in a run. After a line-out, Palmer walked a batter, loading the bases. But then he got two strikeouts.

With the score tied 1-1 in the fifth and two outs, Palmer walked Reynolds. Hagman hit a ball that would have been caught in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium but went off the wall in Hagerstown, and Reynolds scored. So Palmer left the game trailing 2-1. He had thrown 72 pitches, 45 of them strikes, and given up seven hits, two earned runs and two walks while striking out five. The radar gun had his fastball averaging 82 miles an hour. Normally, it would be around 85.

Even if his fastball was not vintage, Palmer's competitive drive

Biggest Bird in the bushes

Baltimore's Jim Palmer went to Hagerstown to begin his comeback from an arm ailment



Palmer, who pitched five innings, has a 1-0 record in the Carolina League

was clearly in evidence. In the best Palmer tradition, he had motioned his fielders around. He had paced the mound. "You could hear him groan each time he gave up a hit," said Base Umpire Jay Asher.

After Palmer went into the dugout in the bottom of the fifth, he did some cheerleading. "I told them, 'Come on, get me off the hook.' " They did. Third Baseman Rick Rembelsak, 22, hit a three-run homer to stake the Suns to a 4-2 lead, and they went on to win 8-6. Palmer got his first Class A victory since 1967, when he was with Miami, recuperating from back and shoulder problems.

After the rally, Palmer walked to the clubhouse, and Miller said, "Ladies and gentlemen, let's have a big hand for Jim Palmer ... I can't hear you." As the crowd rose, the song *Jim Dandy* to the *Braves* came over the loudspeakers.

The Bulls were excited about batting against Palmer, but most of them felt he put his brief on one leg at a time. "His fastball wasn't as fast as I remember from watching him on TV when I was growing up," said Chmil. Hagman was more im-

pressed. "You watch that windup on TV, and then you watch it here, and you just say, 'Wow!' And I've never seen a curve drop like his did today."

The Suns were won over by Palmer. "It was great catching him," said Gerry Melillo, 22. "The thing that impressed me was that he really seemed to want to win. And he didn't big-time anybody."

"I never thought I'd hit a game-winning homer for a future Hall of Famer," said Rembelsak. "What a thrill! Great!"

After he showered and iced his arm, Palmer met the press. "My arm feels much better than I thought it would," he said. "I'm satisfied. This was a no-win situation. If you get hit, you look bad, and if you don't, you're supposed to."

When someone suggested he had given up a lot of hits, Palmer took mild offense. "I didn't see too many hard-hit balls, did you? And how many strikeouts did I have? They swing just as hard down here. Of course, I did have an advantage. I like to think I'm more worldly than they are. I've been to Cleveland."

Palmer said the fans were very nice. "I

wish I was this well received in Baltimore." He anticipates making at least one or two more starts in Hagerstown, and maybe a few for Triple A Rochester before he's ready to pitch for the Orioles.

After the impromptu press conference, he went over to the fence to sign balls, hats, programs and gloves for more than 10 minutes. Then, on his way out, he ran into Ward, who was the Atlanta Braves' first draft choice last summer. "Were you the other pitcher?" asked Palmer. "I've got one thing to say to you. More fastballs. You've got a great curveball, but you have to establish that fastball low and away if you want to get to the majors. ... If you make a mistake with a curve, hang it, they hit it out. But you can make a mistake with the fastball, and they'll still pop it up." The lesson went on for a few more minutes until Palmer said, "Good luck. I enjoyed it." Ward looked as if he were in heaven.

Palmer walked through the Suns' offices, signed some more autographs, posed for some more pictures, got into his sports car and drove away.

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INSIDE PITCH

(Through August 7)

by HERM WEISKOPF

Major league butters responded to an SI poll about the best parks to hit in by naming Boston's Fenway as their overwhelming choice in the American League and Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium as their favorite in the National. That's odd, considering the difference between the two parks, and other factors.

Fenway's natural grass doesn't help speedy runners who like to chop balls into the infield so they can beat out high bouncers for hits. Although the greenery at the Vet is artificial, it's no livelier than in many other stadiums. Long-ball hitters like Boston's Green Monster in leftfield, but about the only appeal in right and center (where the wall is 17 feet high and 420 feet away) is that there is lots of room to spray singles and "tweeners." The 330-foot foul lines in Philadelphia are about average for those in the National, but the 12-foot-high walls are tied with those in Cincinnati and Montreal for being the league's tallest.

Hitters like having little foul ground at Fenway in which balls can be caught, but there's no such advantage at the Vet. Balls carry well at both parks, but even

“I talk to *Yogi McGraw* about things in the bullpen all the time,” says Philadelphia Reliever *Al Holland*. “Neither of us has an elevator that goes to the top floor, so mostly we talk from the waist down.” **”**

better in Minnesota's Metrodome, Atlanta's Fulton County Stadium or at Chicago's Wrigley Field when the wind is blowing out. Furthermore, the lights in Boston and Philadelphia are no better than at most parks. Still, Fenway and Veterans Stadium are hits with the hitters.

Giants' Manager Frank Robinson's attempts to revive the art of bench jockeying raise questions about whether his methods are artful or tactless. Bill Buckner of the Cubs felt that Robinson overdid it in a series in San Francisco by getting on him with excessive heckling and derisive gestures. Said Robinson, “I never liked the guy. He said I bothered him?”



FOR STRIKEOUTS, IT'S REGGIE BAR NONE

California's Reggie Jackson has struck out more times than any player in history, and it's a record he seems intent on keeping forever. Since 1981 Jackson annually has had more strikeouts than hits, starting with

an 82-79 ratio that year, when he batted .237. Last season Jackson hit .275 with 156 whiffs and 146 hits. So far this year the King of Ks is hitting .211 and the spread has become a whopping 109-66.

Great." Buckner retaliated by going 6 for 18 with a homer and four RBIs.

The Dodgers also got hot about Robby recently when he repeatedly rubbed his nose while L.A. Reliever Steve Howe was pitching against the Giants—an obvious allusion to Howe's cocaine history. One Dodger, Pedro Guerrero, tried to get at Robinson, but was contained by teammates. "I always rub my nose," Robinson said. "It's a habit of mine. But if Howe has a guilt feeling, it's his problem and not mine."

Going "the other way" has helped Blue Jay outfielders Jesse Barfield and Lloyd Moseby go the right way this season. Much to his own surprise, the righthand-hitting Barfield has found he can go to the opposite field with power. Barfield's two home runs to right in the past two weeks were the 33rd and 34th of his career—and the first ones he didn't pull. "I can drive the ball the other way and be successful, and I'm going to take advantage of it," Barfield says. Moseby has worked all season on going with the pitch rather than pulling everything. During a recent stretch, the lefty swinger had two hits in four consecutive games against lefthanded pitchers. "I've lowered my

hands and I'm going the opposite way," says Moseby, who last year hit .236 but is batting .311 this season. "It's definitely put 40 points on my average."

The Mets have not been able to stop enemy base stealers this season, except when Ed Lynch has pitched. The team's most consistent starter, Lynch shortens his leg kick dramatically when pitching from the stretch. As a result, only 10 runners have tried to steal on him, and only five have been successful. As a team, though, the Mets have allowed the most steals in the major leagues: 137 in 190 attempts.

If it's necessary to complete the Pine Tar Game between the Royals and Yankees (K.C. leads 5-4 with two out in the top of the ninth), the Kansas City dugout will have some vacancies. Though he overruled the umpire's call they protested, American League President Lee MacPhail has ejected George Brett, who hit the controversial homer off Goose Gosage, Manager Dick Howser and Coach Rocky Colavito and also Pitcher Gaylord Perry, who tried to make off with Brett's bat. It appears to be a sop to the umpires, whose poor work precipitated the controversy in the first place. . . . Another

Royal who won't be there—or at any other Kansas City game this year for that matter—is Vida Blue. The 34-year-old lefthander had 191 career wins but was 0-5 with a 6.01 ERA this season when the Royals released him last Friday. K.C. must honor Blue's \$600,000-per-year contract through 1984. . . . In his first start, Blue's replacement, Eric Rasmussen, beat Boston 7-0. It was the Royals' first complete-game shutout since last September when Blue blanked Seattle 8-0, his last victory as a Royal.

When Catcher Butch Wynegar was traded by the Twins to the Yankees in May 1982, he was a lifetime .254 hitter. For New York he has hit .307 this year and .300 since the trade. "It's being with a winner, playing for the team I wanted to play for ever since I was a kid," Wynegar says. "In Minnesota, when it became apparent that the owner [Calvin Griffith] didn't care if we won, well, the subconscious takes over and you start to think, 'Why should we care?' A new lease on life? You wouldn't believe how much."

With Glenn Wilson on first, Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson flashed the hit-and-run sign for John Wockenhus, who dutifully stroked a single to right. Instead of going to third, though, Wilson stopped at second, having been deceived by Julio Cruz, the Chicago second baseman. Cruz pretended the ball had been popped up to the outfield and yelled for it to be thrown to first to double up the runner. Anderson was so mad at Wilson that he sent in Pitcher Jack Morris to run for him. Sparky then called for a bunt but Tom Brookers missed the pitch, and

OOPS!

Angels were on first and third in Minnesota's Metrodome when Twins Center-fielder Rusty Kuester tried to make a sliding catch of Steve Labratch's bloop. Instead, the ball glanced off his glove and chest—and disappeared. While frantically looking around the outfield and even down his shirt and in his pants for the missing ball, Kuester spotted his cap nearby. So he shouted to Leftfielder Gary Ward, who had come charging over, "Look under the hat." Ward lifted it, and, low and behold, there was the ball. Before Ward could peg the ball to the infield, two runs had crossed the plate and Labratch had a "hat trick" double.

BALL PARK FIGURES

Big league players responded to an SI poll by naming the following as the best first-base umpires (with their years in the majors in parentheses).

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Steve Palermo (7)
2. Dave Phillips (13)
3. Rich Garcia (9)
4. Ken Kiser (7)
5. Mike Reilly (7)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Dutch Rennert (10)
2. Doug Harvey (22)
3. Joe West (5)
4. Paul Runge (10)
5. Harry Wendelstedt (18)

Morris, who had headed toward third, slipped and was picked off second by Catcher Carlton Fisk. The Tigers lost the game 7-5.

Bob Howsam, who replaced Dick Wagner as Cincinnati's president and chief executive officer last month, is keeping his promise about making changes. "It's no longer Stalag 100," said one employee of the looser atmosphere in the offices, where doors are now kept open, not shut.

Batting Coach Ted Kluszewski now goes on road trips, Cincy farm clubs have been authorized to use designated hitters, as all other minor league teams do, and Dave Concepcion was named field captain. Since then, Concepcion has raised his average from .219 to .239. The players especially appreciate the way Howsam settled their 3-year-old hassle with management about what spikes they can wear. By a 14-11 vote, the Reds accepted Howsam's offer to permit black spikes with red stripes instead of Model T black-only shoes. "Great move," said Pitcher Frank Pastore, Cincinnati's player representative, of the decision, which will enable the Reds to earn endorsement money from shoe manufacturers. "His [Howsam's] impact has been clearly positive. . . . Johnny Bench, who said he'd make one final appearance at home as a catcher before retiring at the end of the year, responded to Manager Russ Nixon's plea to go behind the plate more often. "Some of our young pitchers can use your experience," Nixon said. Bench has caught some against Houston, L.A. and San Diego. Against the Dodgers, Bench threw out would-be base stealer Derrell

Thomas. "It does make you have goose bumps, doesn't it?" said Nixon, a former catcher. "Nobody sits behind the plate like he does. He's the greatest there ever was. He just radiates."

Britt Burns of the White Sox, who had a 5-6 record and 4.16 ERA (7.88 for his last four starts), has gone to the bullpen for a brief stay. "There've been some things in my personal life that Tony [Manager Tony La Russa] knows about that I believe are the problem," Burns said. "When I'm out there, I'm not like I used to be. There's a reason for it, and we're dealing with it. I didn't have to tell Tony. He guessed it. Physically, I feel fine, but the fire I had in '80 and '81—the motivation—is not there." La Russa added: "He's been through a lot the last two years [the death of his father in 1981 and a strained shoulder muscle in 1982]. He must reflect on those things."

Clark Griffith, 42, executive vice-president and treasurer of the Twins and the son of owner Calvin Griffith, will take a leave from those posts to enter the William Mitchell College of Law in St. Paul. The reasons. Clark's duties with the team have become mammoth, and his dad pays little heed to his advice. . . . Toronto's Dave Stieb was 11-4 and had a 2.18 ERA on June 17, but has been 1-6 with a 5.10 ERA since then. Part of Stieb's trouble is a tender middle finger that keeps him from throwing his slider properly. . . . A sore muscle under his shoulder put Giant lefty Atlee Hammaker on the disabled list with a 10-5 record and a National League-leading 1.98 ERA. . . . While First Baseman Greg Brock has fizzled (five homers, 17 RBIs and a .176 average since

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JESSE OROSCO: The Mets' lefthander won two games and saved two as New York won five of six. In his last six relief appearances he has four wins, two saves and a string of 13½ shutout innings.

May 19), the Dodgers' other prize rookie, Outfielder Mike Marshall, has sizzled. Marshall was batting .212 on June 2, but has hit .329 with eight homers and 23 RBIs in his last 53 games, raising his average to .285. . . . Fearing a run-out on the last day of the season, the Red Sox scheduled Carl Yastrzemski Day for Oct. 1 and not Oct. 2.

END

A dazzling dash of paprika

by Franz Lidz

Hungary's fast-rising Andrea Temesvari feasted at the U.S. Clay Courts

Andrea Temesvari was in a snit, or, more precisely, she and her father, Otto, were snitten. She was playing Pilar Vasquez of Peru, an overmatched opponent, in the opening round of last week's U.S. Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis. Instead of forcing play by coming in to the net, Temesvari waited tentatively at the baseline, trading ground strokes. It took her until the seventh game to break Vasquez's serve. "*Is-tenem, de rosszul játszott.*" Temesvari kept muttering. In Hungarian, that means, "Gosh, I play bad."

She sneaked a furtive glance at her coach, who scowled from the first row of the gallery, flailing away at the air in consternation. The coach was perhaps doubly upset because he is also her father. He looked like a demonic conductor whose orchestra was playing Béla Bartók when he wanted the *Hungarian Rhapsody*. He

flung his wrists to his mouth in mute horror. He slapped his forehead. He sputtered a goulash of Magyar exclamations rarely heard on the tennis courts of America. "*Nem szükséges.*" said Otto. (Translation: Not necessary.)

"*Nem gondolkozol, mirelőtt cselekszel?*" (You don't think before you act!).

When Andrea again failed to come to the net, he growled, "*Unbelievable!*" (Unbelievable!), which seemed to be an all-purpose punctuation to his tirade.

Papa Otto's concern was premature. Andrea won the game, the match and the tournament, beating Zina Garrison 6-2, 6-2 in the finals. Her success may not be unbelievable, but her rise in the rankings is one of the more remarkable stories on the women's tour. Only 17, Temesvari was the top seed at the Clay Courts. In January 1982 she was ranked 146th in the world. She's now 11th.

During her ascent, Temesvari has achieved some remarkable results. In May she won the Italian Open with the loss of but one game in the semifinals and finals. Last month she beat the reigning NCAA champ, Beth Herr, 6-0, 6-0 in a \$100,000 tournament in Hittfield, West Germany, which she also won. At Indy, Temesvari cruised past defending champion Virginia Ruzici 6-2, 6-2 in the semis before routing Garrison. Temesvari has defeated Tracy Austin in three sets, and at Hilton Head this spring she nearly knocked off Martina Navratilova before falling 7-6, 4-6, 6-4.

Tour consultant Ted Tintling, who has observed women's tennis since the days of Suzanne Lenglen, thinks Temesvari is the only young player with star quality. "Someone could tell me that she's Zsa Zsa Gabor's granddaughter, and I'd say, 'Why, of course,'" says Tintling. "Andrea sustains my faith in grace and beauty in the future of tennis."

Women players in their teens often look as if they're being swung by their rackets instead of swinging them. But Temesvari has a commanding presence. She's 5'10", 125 pounds, strong, supple and full of silvery propulsion. She flashes along the baseline, a blonde ponytail whipping behind her. Temesvari may be the best natural athlete to emerge in women's tennis since Navratilova. She's a willful, imperious golden girl, bedecked with gold bracelets, earrings and chains. Her father bestows them on her when she does well in tournaments. "He knows he can give me anything he wants," she says, "as long as it's gold."

Her fingernails and toenails are painted cherry-blossom pink. She accidentally ripped off one of her toenails when she stubbed her toe on some stairs during last month's Federation Cup in Zurich. She carries the nail as a keepsake in her makeup case. Otto thinks this is all very silly, but he goes along with it anyway.

The Temesvaris are the toughest father-daughter act to hit the pro tennis

continued



Temesvari faced forehands with handcuffing topspin en route to her victory at Indy.



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TCHAIKOVSKY *Piano Concerto No. 1*; *Violin Concerto in D Major*; *The Sleeping Beauty Suite*; *Symphony No. 6* (Pathétique); *Serenade for Strings*; and more.

BRAMMS *Violin Concerto in D*; *Piano Overture*; *Symphony No. 4*; *Intermezzo for Piano*; *Piano Concerto No. 2*; and more.

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circuit since Roland and another Andrea, Jaeger. Roland, a former boxer, is the prototypical tennis father pounding the game into his daughter, but he says, "Otto is worse than I am." Otto is tanned and hulking, with hair the color of iron. He looks like an aging power forward. In fact, he was a forward on the Hungarian Olympic basketball team that lost 107-63 to the U.S. in the first round of the 1960 Games in Rome. That's hardly a disgrace, considering that the U.S. squad included Oscar Robertson, Jerry West, Jerry Lucas and Walt Bellamy. Temesvari had to cover Robertson, who sank his first seven shots. "I had never seen anyone who could dribble the ball behind him," says Otto. "Unbelievable!"

In 1971 Otto moved the family to Algiers, where he coached the Algerian national basketball squad and started playing tennis. Andrea first got her hands on a racket at nine, and, says Otto, "She was, how you say, not bad, the first practice ever." He wanted her to play the way Bjorn Borg did—tough, with plenty of topspin. "Andrea, you play topspin because it's bad for everybody," Papa told her. "You must play like a man." But Algiers was short on tennis coaches, so Otto became her mentor. He eventually gave up his own coaching career to concentrate on making her a star. The Temesvaris relied on Otto's savings for her first year on the tour. But now they live off Andrea's earnings—\$119,001 in 1983, not counting endorsements—which also support her mother and her nine-month-old sister back in Budapest.

Having your father as coach does have its pitfalls. "Even if I win 6-0, 6-1, he'll say to me later, 'Why did you miss that one?'" says Andrea. "And I'll say, 'But I only lost one game the whole match,' and he'll say, 'Yes, but you missed your first drop shot.'"

Langlen, who also was coached by her father, used to say she lost only when she didn't listen to his advice. He died shortly after she turned pro, and her game was never the same. The Temesvaris may avoid the traps of the father-daughter relationship. Otto's rein looks very tight, but as one player says, "Andrea has a good time. Don't let her fool you."

"O.K.," says Otto with a small shrug. "Andrea wants to be alone. That is something difficult for me to understand, but I understand. Andrea is really a woman in spirit. She can cry when a ball goes out. A really professional woman can't cry."

"He means I'm too nice," says Andrea. "I play the game because it's beautiful."

"I hope she stays this sensible," he says. "But she must get harder mental."

To harden Andrea's mental, Otto practices with her nearly every day. His relationship with his daughter is like their hometown: He's part Buddha, part pest. She worships him; he badgers her. He runs her all over the court, and most every return gets a rigorous critique. She has to hit an exceptional shot to get praise. "If I can play with him 40 minutes in practice, I can play three hours in a match," says Andrea. "I never know where he's going to hit the ball."

"I don't know me, too," says Otto.

Andrea usually takes Otto's advice,

or four players in the world are her equal on clay, where she has plenty of time to position herself to pummel forehands into the corners. On faster surfaces, however, Temesvari is more vulnerable. Witness her loss at Wimbledon to the game's other starlet, Carling Bassett, who's ranked 22nd. To succeed on grass and on the hard courts at the upcoming U.S. Open, Temesvari needs to gain more confidence in her net play—"One foot wants to come in, the other wants to stay back," she says—and that should develop with experience and more work with Otto. Unlike many baseliners, she has the equipment—namely, exceptional height and athleticism—to become a first-class volleyer.



Otto is having vastly more success with Andrea than he had against Oscar Robertson.

but like any teen-ager she occasionally challenges her father. "My topspin was short," she said after beating Vasquez. "And when I'm short... pffft."

"I am sorry," said Otto, "but you played O.K. Pilar playing so bad that sometimes you was angry or surprised."

"That's a first," said Andrea. "Usually, I say I played good, and you say bad."

"O.K.," said Otto. "You don't playing well, but Pilar playing good." He then backhanded a compliment to Vasquez as she slouched to the locker room. "Good match, Pilar," he said. "It was good warmup for Andrea."

Indeed, as her scores suggest, Temesvari has hardly broken a sweat this summer. When she is at her best, only three

However, penetrating ground strokes laden with wicked Borg-like topspin will continue to be her primary weapon. "No woman has a heavier topspin than Andrea," says Bonnie Gadusek, who was Temesvari's 6-1, 6-0 victim in the Italian Open final. "She hits the ball consistently deep, like Chris Evert Lloyd, but the topspin makes her shots twice as difficult because the ball bounces so high. Andrea's father has found something in women's tennis that no one else has. Now the other players will have to figure out how to counteract it."

Gadusek hasn't yet. "Next time," she says, "I may hit overheads or try to catch her shots before they land or maybe, just maybe, I'll play her on stilts."

END

HARNESS RACING



After the tears, the cheers

by Alexander Wolff

Still mourning a dead colt, Stanley Dancer won his fourth Hambletonian

Stanley Dancer, commanding the winner's circle at the 58th Hambletonian, pulled on the reins of the smiles he gave the crowd at New Jersey's Meadowlands track. Each time he began to look happy, his heartstrings overruled him. Dancer has known many good times while becoming his sport's preeminent trainer and driver. He was the first to earn \$1 million in a season, and remains the only driver with three Triple Crown winners. He has known bad times, too; in 1973, muscle atrophy in his right arm and a heart attack during neck surgery all but ended his career.

But never had tragedy and triumph commingled as intimately as they did last Saturday afternoon. Even as Dancer drove the filly Duenna across the finish line in her second, decisive, heat for his fourth Hambletonian victory, his mind was on his own colt, Dancer's Crown, who had been the early Hambletonian fa-

vorite. Dancer's Crown is dead, buried just three weeks ago. Dancer once said he believed Dancer's Crown would break every trotting record extant. In winning with Duenna, he said, "There was a lot of joy and hurt."

The Hambletonian field had ballooned after the favorite's death. A record 25 entries split the first heat into two divisions—each two-tiered—and forced several drivers, including Dancer, into the second tier for the start. But a hole opened in front of Duenna almost immediately, allowing her to move out smartly. When some space cleared on the rail just before the half-mile pole, she motored past three colts into the lead. "Race luck," said Dancer. She trotted the mile in 1:57½, 5¼ lengths ahead of Tommy Haughton's TV Yankee.

In the other division, favorite Jose De Vie came out of the second tier, too, laying back on the outside until the head of

the stretch. From there, though spread three horses wide, he beat out stablemate Astro Hill by a neck. The time, 1:59. The verdict of Driver John Campbell, 28, who is this season's leading money-winner at the Meadowlands but was driving in his first Hambletonian: "He was all done at the wire." That report didn't augur well for the next heat.

Jose De Vie was bred by and is owned in part by Maurice Siegel, an ex-Brooklynite C.P.A. from Palos Verdes, Calif. He admits he flunked French, but insists that *joie de vie* isn't a malapropism for *joie de vivre*. "*Joie de vivre* is the joy of living," he says. "*Jose de vie* is the joy of life."

In the wake of Crown's death, Dancer had temporarily forsaken any kind of joy. In the fall of 1981 he'd bought a bay colt named Armbr Brandy at the Fasig-Tipton sales. Barely a month after beginning to train him, Dancer realized he had a rare animal. He renamed him Dancer's Crown. "You could do anything you wanted with Crown," says Dancer. "You

could crawl under his belly and he wouldn't hurt you. You could drive him with two fingers. He never needed a boot. He was an absolutely foolproof horse."

As a 2-year-old he had nine races and won them all. This summer he trotted away with two races, then lost a big one when a knee boot slipped and sent him into a break in the American-National at Sportsman's Park. But that glitch didn't strip him of his status as Hambletonian front-runner. Then on July 17, Dancer's Crown suddenly became ill and the next day underwent surgery for a twisted intestine. It appeared to be a success; the horse seemed better and even took some brief exercise. But his intestinal tract never regained its motility, and a day later he had further surgery that his system couldn't withstand. He died July 19.

Dancer was crushed. Within 12 hours a truck was hired and a casket built. By sunup on the 20th, Dancer's Crown was interred at Dancer's spread in New Egypt, N.J. Dancer flew south, to Florida

and then to the Bahamas, remaining incommunicado until he could come to terms with his loss.

The sulky Dancer's Crown had pulled was placed in the paddock Saturday before the first heat. On it was a 1983 Hambletonian blanket of the kind given to all in the field, and the toteboard screened videotapes of his biggest races. Dancer hid out in the driver's room, unable to watch. "It won't be very pleasant," he had said. "But the best thing I can do is get up and drive the next race." Norman Woolworth, Duenna's owner, had helped persuade him of that 11 days earlier when Dancer pulled Duenna into the winner's circle at Buffalo Raceway after a 16½-length victory. Dancer asked Woolworth what he planned to do with his filly.

"Run her in the Hambletonian," Dancer recalls Woolworth saying. "You can't win it unless you're in it."

Or so Dancer tells it. Woolworth remembers a slightly different scenario. He says Dancer approached him in Buffalo after Duenna's easy win and said, "Guess we go against the colts." Woolworth nodded, and Dancer allowed what might have been his first smile since Dancer's Crown's death.

On the eve of the Hambletonian, some thought Woolworth had erred by holding Duenna out of the Hambletonian Oaks, Thursday night's filly stakes, and running her in the main event. "She's a nice filly, but I don't think she can trot with these colts," said Howard Beissinger, the veteran driver and trainer whose stable had four Hambletonian entries, including Joie De Vie. But Delvin Miller, as renowned a horseman as there is in harness racing, suspected there might be something to Woolworth and Dancer's bid. "They're not dummies," he said. "They wouldn't have kept her out of a \$300,000 filly race if she couldn't trot as much as these trotters trot."

Or more. She seems to

have an attitude to match the scolding mien that is evoked by her name—duenna is derived from the Spanish for chaperone. "She'd just as soon kick me as look at me," says Dancer. Woolworth calls her Old Twitzy Tail, but says, "In her groom's hands, she's like putty."

When the groom, Tanya Holwerda, 22, came from Holland to handle Duenna in May of 1982, the filly was as frail as she was temperamental. "We had a hard time getting her gated," says Dancer, whose first Triple Crown horse, Nevele Pride, sired Duenna's dam. "We tried putting her front shoes on backward, and kept two head poles on her last year. She's improved more than any trotter I've ever had."

But she still has a tendency to break as a race begins. She did again at the outset of Saturday's second heat, but all it cost her was a recall because the break came well before the start. "She was off the gate a little and got scared when Joie De Vie came charging," says Dancer.

The next time Duenna sensed Joie De Vie on her tail, the race was on and they were well into the backstretch. This time, instead of breaking, Duenna simply broke away. Dancer pulled out to a two-length lead just after the quarter pole and awaited horses with a mind to challenge. Joie De Vie did, but Duenna held him off. At the finish it was Duenna by 2 lengths over Winkys Gill, the only other filly in the race, in a robust 1:57½. Duenna thus became the 12th female winner in Hambletonian history, the first in 17 years. Victory was worth \$540,000 of the \$1,080,000 purse. "I think Stanley was meant to win this no matter who he was driving," said Woolworth.

Dancer could plead race luck in the first heat, but nothing less than a brilliant drive won the second. The Hambletonian Cup was back in the hands of a senior driver after being held by young whippersnappers for two years. And it belonged to a native New Jerseyan whose recent obsession had been to win the event in his home state. The son of a potato farmer and his racetrack-hating Baptist wife, Dancer had dropped out of school in the eighth grade but had made the grade with whip and reins. "It's the biggest thrill of his life," said Jody O'Connor, Dancer's companion. "And the best therapy, too."

"I just went along for the ride," said Dancer, nodding at Woolworth. "Life must go on."

END

In the victory circle with Duenna and owner Woolworth, Dancer doffed his cap in memory of Dancer's Crown, who died July 19.





THERE'S BITTER WITH THE SWEET

BY RAY KENNEDY

Heir apparent to the legendary Four Musketeers, Yannick Noah is the toast of France and a vital new force in the tennis world, but now he agonizes that he may be "losing control of my life"

Some 35 miles southeast of Paris, down a dusty back road that winds through the lush orchards and glowing wheat fields depicted by innumerable French Impressionists, around rocky outcroppings, past rushing streams and bearing left at the first cow this side of a cluster of stone farmhouses, lies the quiet little village of Nanville-les-Roches. Quiet, that is, until one recent sultry June evening when a caravan of revelers, led by Yannick Noah at the wheel of his white Mercedes 500 SEL, rolled up to the iron gates of the Noah compound, honking and hooting like a traveling circus. So what if the neighbors' chickens were roused from their roosts. Just a few hours earlier, on the blazing bronze clay of Roland Garros Stadium in Paris, Noah had defeated Sweden's Mats Wilander in straight sets to become the first Frenchman in 37 years to win the *Championnats Internationaux de France*. And zat alors, man, that called for a *grande fête folle*—one helluva bash.

As if signaling the end of the drought in French tennis, a fully clothed Noah promptly did a spread-eagle flip into the swimming pool, touching off a mass

continued



YANNICK NOAH

continued

splash-in. When his coach, Patrice Hagelauer, begged off, Noah leaped from the pool and, shaking his Rastafarian locks like a retriever emerging from a duck pond, doused him with a whirling spray

and then unceremoniously tossed him into the swim of things.

The 50 guests, including Noah's girl friend, Jill Goodacre, a model from Boulder, Colo., actress Annie Girardot and

assorted musicians, villagers and other friends, feasted on a buffet of country ham, sausages, cheeses and enough champagne to overflow the pool. Manning the microphone of a supercharged

After beating Wilander for the French title in June, Noah jumped for joy as he composed in the formerly quiet Paris suburb of Nanterre-les-Roches.



sound system set up alongside the tennis court, Noah crooned to the thumping rhythms of rock and reggae. He then joined a dancefest on the sudden lawn that turned into a variation on mud wrestling. Indefatigable to the end, at 2 a.m. the host rallied a handful of survivors and led a weaving parade back to Paris, where the party raged on until dawn in a dungeoned Left Bank disco.

Nesther Noah nor Nainville-les-Roches has been the same since. Thanks to some modern Impressionist with a can of spray paint, the sign at the fork in the road now reads Nainville-les-Noah. And Noah's rural retreat, a former priory with 12 rooms, hand-hewn beams and stone walls as thick as a bank vault, is no longer inviolate. Though the tiny adjoining church was closed down long ago, new worshippers arrive daily, ringing the bell of Chez Noah at all hours, peeking through the gate and scaling the walls to snap pictures.

Sophisticated Paris is no less awestruck. Indeed, barely had Noah hammered home his final winning serve when there were headlines declaring a *STAR IS BORN* and breathless accounts of the *FOUR HUNDRED BLOWS OF THE BLACK PANTHER* and the *INDOMINATABLE LION OF ISLAND GARROS*. At 23 and a rippling 6' 4", he is the heir apparent to France's Four Musketeers—René Lacoste, Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet and Jacques Brugnon—who dominated international tennis in the late 1920s. He has also become "*Le Sex Bombe Extraordinaire*." Noah's striking café-au-lait visage is everywhere, on billboards, posters and biquini boxes featuring his illustrated "secrets" for mastering *le lob* and *le serve*. Video cassettes of his French Open triumph are selling briskly. Lithographs of Noah in action at \$200 a pop are almost ready for the market, while a new pseudo-reggae ballad titled *Tie Breaker* is a paean to Noah.

Noah, Noah, allez, allez, Noah
All this time you spent preparing
We were there beside you
The Force was mobilized
For us you have been a great
example of willpower

All of which sent Noah fleeing to Corvaca, where he rented a yacht and, with 10 of his friends, spent a languid week

Upon his return, he felt more like an inmate than an indomitable lion, holing up for several weeks at his country place or in the spacious apartment he maintains in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, curtains drawn, sticks of fragrant incense smoldering while he idly practiced licks of reggae on his electric guitar and played video tapes of Téléphone.

Not in peak form, Noah continued to Paris between matches, losing in round-robin singles competition to Russell Simpson of New Zealand and Jose Higueras of Spain. Then, complaining of stomach cramps before his final match, Noah says that he returned to Paris, checked into a clinic and slept through his return flight.



... where he barbed in the glory of being the first Frenchman to win the title in 37 years.

France's top rock band and his good friends.

Until July 26, Noah had a lot of time to kill. Two days after his French Open victory he was suspended from tennis for 42 days and fined \$20,000 by the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, the governing body of the sport, for failing to appear at a World Team Cup singles match in Düsseldorf in May. Ad-

Though he chose not to appeal the suspension, preferring to sit out Wimbledon, which he had intended to do regardless, and an undemanding Davis Cup tie against Paraguay, which France won 3-2, Noah is far from contrite. "I was at fault for not letting the tournament people know I was too sick to play," he says. "But they could have used a substitute. It was a meaningless match anyway be-

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YANNICK NOAH

by Christopher

cause the French team had already been eliminated. So it seems to me that the penalty was far too great."

Much worse, Noah believes, was the one-year suspension and \$20,000 fine the council imposed on his good friend Guillermo Vilas for allegedly accepting appearance money for a tournament in Rotterdam in March. The practice of under-the-table payments or "guarantees" is so widespread on the tour, says Noah, that "if you suspend Guillermo, you might also suspend the top 30 players. I just don't think it's good for the game to suspend somebody like Guillermo, a great player who has worked hard and has a good image for an entire year."

Nor is Noah pleased with the Association of Tennis Professionals, the men's players' union, for encouraging the council's sanction. "Yes," he says, "I think they wanted to make an example out of Guillermo and me. But one day they will need me and I'll have my revenge." Subsequently, Noah resigned from the union because "Yannick did not feel they were doing a good job for him or the game," says his Paris representative, Pierre Darmon of ProServ.

Recently, flanked by giant portraits of Mick Jagger and the late Bob Marley, the king of reggae, that dominate the living room of his Paris digs, Noah flopped into a beanbag lounger, lit a cigarette and re-

flected on his life and changing times. For all his aggressiveness on the court, his pumped-up, two-fisted exhortations a la Jimmy Connors, away from the game he is remarkably soft-spoken, gentle and laid back, a panther in repose. The burdens of being ranked No. 4 in the world, the "living behind closed doors and all the pressures from outside scare me," says Noah, coaching his English in a kind of free-flowing mellowspeak. "So I'm not sure I want to be No. 1. I think I can be, but I'm not sure I'm strong enough to handle the life of No. 1. It's so hard that at some point you have to become a machine, you have to be very, very cold. I don't want to be like Bjorn. He's a nice guy, one of the best players ever, but he had to become an ice man to survive at the top. To be No. 1 is very exciting, but it changes your life completely."

"Already, since I won at Roland Garros, my life is very different. I can't go to restaurants anymore, can't go out to dance in the clubs the way I used to. Always there are eyes following you, people wanting your autograph and to talk to you about Roland Garros. And I'd rather not because I've talked about it a thousand times. I know the story by heart. It's nice that people like you and it helps when you're depressed to know that you are not alone, that all these people are behind you. So I try not to disappoint any-

body. But I have the feeling that I'm losing control of my life, that I'm being pushed from all sides. I don't want to be eaten up by the star system. I don't want to change. I like myself the way I am."

Shockless whenever possible, rarely out of his sweat pants, Noah on this occasion is wearing a gaudy, flowered vest that he bought for \$3 during one of his frequent tours of the Paris flea markets, the one passion he refuses to curtail because, he says, "I enjoy it too much. What I don't like is getting dressed up. So I buy all my clothes at the flea market, you know, old things, crazy stuff."

Of course, crazy duds that sometimes make him look like a costume-party pasha hardly add to his longed-for anonymity on the street, but Noah has other ideas about disguises. "Maybe," he says, mulling over what may be the most distinctive trademark in tennis since Gussie Moran's frilly panties, "I should change my hairstyle again." Is he kidding? Only his Senegalese hairdresser knows for sure.

"It's funny," Noah says of his dreadlocks, which require a very serious six hours every six months to braid, "but I originally did it just for the hell of it. My sister, Nathalie, had her hair like this,



Noah waxes plus (top picture) when he accompanied Muscard on a recent no-don trip to G. association.



When he visited his native land last December, Noah was mobbed by admirers wherever he went.

and when she got married last October my little sister, Isabelle, and I decided to do it, too, as a surprise for her wedding. Then I realized it could mean something else. It could mean when I am playing tennis I am representing my Rasta friends, and knowing that gives me more energy."

The Rasta "do also gave him another unexpected charge. For the first few weeks or so, before the faded locks were pictured on every magazine cover in France, Noah found that "nobody recognized me." Including the cop who stopped him one night at 3 a.m. for speeding through the Place Dauphine. Unlike the other gendarmes who flag down his huffing Mercedes on the average, he estimates, of once a week, this one didn't do a double take and then send him on his way with a cheery "Allez, Yannick!" Instead, says Noah, who was without an ID, the cop laid on the "tough eyes," grilled him and threatened to throw him in jail before letting him off with a stern warning.

"All of a sudden," Noah says of his brush with obscurity, "I wasn't a tennis player anymore. I was black and I was a nobody and the reactions of people were completely different. Nothing bad, nothing

that could start a fight, just different. In fact, I've never had any problems being black here. It's like Larry Holmes says: When you're black and you have money, then you are not black."

Noah, who figures to earn more than \$2 million in prize money and endorsements this year, could afford to change his persona hourly if he so chose. So why doesn't he adopt a new coif, something in the punk rock mode perhaps? "Well," he says, "if I change my hair because I like it better another way, fine. But if I do it because I don't want to be so easily recognized, then it means that the system is changing me. And that's not fine at all; it's very sad."

Problems, problems. Noah thrives on them, he says, because "I don't feel I'm suffering enough. You know, I look around and see how hard life is for other people and I say, 'How come everything is so great for me?' I love playing tennis, and I can have anything I want, and I can give some good times to my family and friends. I mean, it's all so nice and easy that it's boring. And dangerous, because with all this money and all these people admiring you, you can begin to believe you really are somebody special instead of just someone who has been lucky. The

money, which is too much, is no measure of your true value. I don't believe I am what I am because of what I do outside but because of what I am inside."

If that sounds like Existentialism 101, you're close. For the past three years, Noah has been attending philosophy classes at Nanterre University outside Paris. He savors the writings of E.M. Cioran much the way the Chinese do the *Quotations from Chairman Mao*, toting the Romanian philosopher's books everywhere and dipping into them at off moments for quick bracing doses of Cioran's ironic, aphoristic prose. Samples: "To live here is death, elsewhere suicide. Where can one go?" And: "It is from self-hatred that consciousness emerges. I hate myself. I am absolutely a man." And: "History is an immense cul-de-sac. For me, life is a passionate emptiness, an intriguing nothingness."

Not exactly Norman Vincent Peale, but then Noah claims that, for him at least, the power of Cioran's negative thinking is positive. In what way? "It doesn't depend on what you read," says Noah, fashioning an all-purpose aphorism of his own, "but how you read it."

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YANNICK NOAH

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A pre-dreadlock hug fest (1992) with Monica.

And how is that? "Depends on what your needs are at the moment." Oh.

What Noah needs most often, he says, is an antidote to all the dull wonderfulness of his existence. And Cioran, the visionary of darkness, is just the man to lighten up things. "It's like one philosopher says, all of life's big decisions are made on Sunday afternoon because it's so boring there's nothing else to do," says Noah. "And it's true. I make all my big decisions when I'm depressed. So it's good to have some problems. They give you energy. When everything is going great, that's when I need some negative things to make me go farther." Laughing all the way, he says, "Cioran is so pessimistic he's funny. When you reach the point of negativism that he has, there's lots of humor. And I believe humor can save you every time."

A free spirit with a puckish

turn of mind, Noah has been known to come on like Eddie Murphy in short pants. When asked after the French Open if he would be the next Bjorn Borg, he said, "No, I'm tanner and have black eyes." And to prying questions about the number of tennis groupies on the tour, *Le Sex Bombe* says, "Never enough."

Actually, Noah is a one-woman man. Or was. Alas, he reveals that the lovely Miss Goodacre, his live-in amuse the past year, recently returned home to Boulder and "probably won't be coming back. Just as it's hard for me to hide and be myself these days, I think it's harder for someone to be hiding with me all day."

Noah has been alone before, far longer than he cares to remember. He was born in Sedan, France. His father, Zacharie, a native of Cameroon in equatorial west Africa, was a professional soccer player for the Sedan team. His mother, Marie-Claire, who is white and the daughter of a French sportswriter, now resides in Nice. She and Zacharie were divorced in 1976. Yannick was two when injuries ended Zac Noah's promising soccer career and the family resettled in the capital city of Yaoundé in the mountainous rain forests of central Cameroon. The rest is history—and literature, the "Yannick Noah Story" being part of the basic read-

ing curriculum for all Cameroon schoolchildren. See little Yannick Noah. See little Yannick play tennis with his homemade racket, which is made of all wood but no strings. See little Yannick clobber all the other children.

"I organized a tournament for my 10th birthday," big Yannick recalls. "Made all the other kids pay a dollar each for a trophy that I knew I would win. It was my birthday present to myself."

See Mr. Arthur Ashe, the famous tennis player, on a good-will tour of Africa in 1971. See Mr. Ashe play with little Yannick on a mud court littered with furry insects. See Mr. Ashe's eyes bug out. "First he serves right down the middle past me," recalls Ashe. "Then he whaps one clean into the open court. Here was this little chocolate-colored person knocking the absolute hell out of the ball. I said to myself, what is this? He hit it then the same way he does now. Only now he's a giant." Ashe laughs. "Our next Great Black Hope."

Later, after giving Noah a new fiberglass racket and a poster inscribed, "See you at Wimbledon," Ashe put through a call to his friend Philippe Chatrier, president of both the French and International Tennis federations, and informed him that "one of your colonial subjects down

here is a very, very promising player but he's not going to stay promising if he stays in Yaoundé." Chatrier replied, "Don't worry, if you think he's that good, I need no other recommendation. We'll take him on."

And so the Cameroon Kid, age 11, small and skinny with outsize feet, was bundled off to a school in Nice to train with the French junior team. "At first, I was thrilled," says Noah. "'Oh wow,' I thought, 'I'm going to live by myself at last! No more parents!' But after a month I realized how lonely I was, you know, living in a pension, going to school and practicing all day." When he returned home at Christ-

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Dad races to embrace his son as Noah closes out the French Open.

A moment with a Mustang GT.

Mustang GT approaches S turn. Downshift 4th to 3rd gear. Driver brakes (ventilated power front discs, rear drums). Five liter high-output V-8 in third gear.



Downshift to second in the short chute. Driver straightens car quickly with rack and pinion steering. Suspension with high-rate springs and shocks and Performance BSW tires unloads from hard left turn and sets up for the hard right.



Hard right turn loads suspension to the left. Large diameter front and rear stabilizer bars keep Mustang flat in the turn. Driving seat provides good lateral support for driver in command position. Driver steers left. Accelerate. Upshift.



A winding road unwound.
A moment with a Mustang GT.



Have you driven a Ford...
lately?



YANNICK NOAH

BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

mas there were "many tears." Zac, who now owns seven of the 50 tennis courts in Cameroon, a combination nursery and racket club known as Club Noah, recalls, "Yan was very homesick and said he didn't want to go back, that the older kids picked on him, stole his chocolates and so on. I told him that was because he was the youngest and smallest boy there and to be brave, be patient. He would grow up soon enough. In fact, in his 14th year he grew taller and stronger than all the other boys. And then he pounded them—on the court and otherwise."

Eager "to learn about life firsthand instead of from history books," Noah dropped out of school at 17 and moved to Paris under the tutelage of Hagelauer, the

came his shyness long enough to introduce himself to an attractive woman he espied in his hotel lobby. She was 28, a Paris fashion consultant on holiday. Noah was 18. He says, "After one day I was crazy about her and she was crazy about me. She was older, yes, but when you're in love you don't count. We were together for three years and it changed everything. I felt stronger, more confident and I wasn't lonely anymore."

Ah, *l'amour*. Suddenly the boy became a man and, not coincidentally, a robust presence on the court. From a ranking of No. 305 in 1977, Noah catapulted to No. 49 in 1978 with a pair of wins in small tournaments in Manila and Calcutta. A year later he was 25th, having won

Noah won his first significant title, the WCT Championships of Richmond, Ashe's hometown, knocking off Gene Mayer in the quarters, Roscoe Tanner in the semis and Ivan Lendl in the finals. Ashe, on hand to award the cup to a teary-eyed Noah, said, "It's hard to believe, Yannick, that just 10 years ago, when I first saw you, you were just this tall, and now..."

In 1982 Noah won his second big tournament, the Congoleum, in La Quinta, Calif. by snapping Lendl's 44-match victory streak. Noah then beat Lendl in a five-set, France-Czechoslovakia Davis Cup tie, and each succeeding meeting has been a grudge match between two sharply conflicting personalities. "What a monster!" Noah says of the somber Czech. "I want nothing to do with him. All that money and he never has the time to smile. He gives the game a bad image."

Noah could burnish his own image by coming to grips with Wimbledon. His reasons for skipping this year's All England Championships verge on the whiny. "I never feel at home there," he says. "I don't have any friends in London. I don't know much about the city. I don't like the rain. The footing is slippery. I have to work on my return of serve..."

In short, Noah doesn't think he has the game to win Wimbledon, but Ashe disagrees. "I think Yannick's going through the same evolutionary stage that Lendl did last year," Ashe says. "He has to realize that he can't just think of himself as a clay-court player. After all, he did win the Richmond tournament indoors. He did win at La Quinta outdoors on cement. And he's just got to make the transition in his mind that 'Hey, cement is not too dissimilar from grass and I can win Wimbledon.' Hell, Lendl went over there this year and got to the semifinals."

One challenge at a time, please. Meteoric as his rise through the ranks has been, Noah, gentle Noah, has not wholly beaten the old rap about his concentration wavering and his being too nice to be a champion. Says Ashe: "I think Yannick's attention span is his biggest weakness. Sometimes he's just like Evonne Goolagong—he goes on a walkabout. He's out there physically, but he's not out there mentally."

As for the killer instinct, Zac, a fearless defenseman in his soccer days, has lec-

continued



Noah with bearded mannequins is one of the changes inevitable French fans have rung on the 'do.

couch of the French national team. "Paris is a tough city when you don't know anybody," says Noah, "and the French are so distant it was hard to make friends. I lived in a little apartment, watched TV and went to bed early most nights. I wasn't excited by the circuit, either—too much business, work, money, exhibitions, hotels. I toured for three months in Asia and Australia, and I was never so lonely."

But not for long. While competing in a tournament in Dakar, Senegal, he over-

back-to-back championships in Madrid over Manuel Orantes and in Bordeaux over Harold Solomon. Noah advanced to the round of 16 at the 1979 U.S. Open before losing to Johan Kriek in five sets and, confirming his promise, to the finals of the 1980 Italian Open, where he played some of his best tennis ever until he lost in straight sets to Vilas.

Prophetically enough, in 1978 Noah not only saw Ashe at Wimbledon but also teamed with him to win a first-round doubles match on Centre Court. In 1981

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tured his son about playing "mean," saying, "You're one of the biggest players out there. Make sure Lendl and the others know it."

Noah is aware of his shortcomings, but he believes there's no problem that a good siege of depression can't cure. He claims his French Open victory, for example, was the result of a deep dip into the black abysses that occurred in April after he blew two match points before losing to Oranjestad in the quarters at Monte Carlo. "It was my worst loss in a long time and I was very depressed," says Noah. "I was sick of being good and not great, and right then I decided to devote myself to winning Roland Garros. The closer the tournament came, the harder I practiced, pushing myself when I was tired to go 10 minutes more, 10 minutes more. I had to do it. Ever since I was a boy I dreamed about winning Roland Garros, and I didn't want to end my playing days without knowing that at least

once in my life I had given everything I had to try and make my dream come true. The day before the tournament my conscience was clear. I was ready."

In winning all but one set during his seven best-of-five-set matches, Noah exhibited an uncommon ferocity, growling at himself, restlessly pacing like a caged beast between points. But he also played with the reckless élan of a true *baguetteur*—fighter—taking chances, often pounding his second serve as hard as the first. Repeatedly rushing the net, he used his superb athleticism to make acrobatic saves and drill wickedly angled volleys that dispelled the myth that Roland Garros is the bastion of baseliners. Too nice to be a champion? The guy's a menace.

In the aftermath, Noah's mother could only exclaim, "For me, Yan is a myth." And when Zac tumbled out of the stands to embrace his son, Noah told him, "We'll talk about this later—the rest of our lives."

Yes, Yan is mythic—when he wants to be. And therein lies a guiding philosophy, an esthetic game plan, if you will, that he developed while changing from a driven youth "who was always under pressure to win, win, win" into a love-struck young man "who didn't care about tennis anymore. I played when I wanted to," says Noah, "and when I didn't want to I was with my lover."

Gradually, however, enunciating, Noah says, "I started to see tennis differently. For the first time I saw it as a game. And I found that by following my feelings, and not those of my coach or my father or the federation, I became more confident. And the more I played the more I enjoyed it, and the more I enjoyed it the better I played." Winning was something else. In fact, Noah's emotion-charged ways on the court are merely his method of compensating for—the whispers were true—a lack of the killer instinct. He says, "I have to push myself that way be-

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cause I'm not naturally very aggressive. I like the game but I'm not an assassin."

What Noah is, it develops, is a hopeless romantic, a professional athlete who undyingly, startlingly, says, "Winning is not my main goal. Beauty is." Is he kidding? Ten thousand Frenchmen can't be wrong. In their eyes, as well as all others who watched Noah at work in the swelter of Roland Garros, he is indeed an artist with all the right bold strokes. "Yan's the opposite of a machine," says Hagelauer. "He's a man of the heart."

"I am not the typical European clay player," says Noah, stating the stunningly obvious. "You see, I like people who live life with a passion. And in tennis, as in life, I think everyone should go to the net. You can make mistakes but you have to attack. Take risks. Like The Three Musketeers, attack and live dangerously! People who play defense, who wait for others to make mistakes to win are boring. It is so much more exciting to leap and smash an overhead than it is to hit the ball over the net 25 times in a row. It excites me to play that way, to attack for the beauty of the game, and my gift from the people is that they like it, too."

Like some later-day musketeer, Noah often mounts up and gallops off into the dark forests in chase of his dreams. A year ago in a tournament he won a racehorse, a filly named Iron Dam, and, being a novice in matters equestrian, decided to buy an Arabian saddle horse to get the feel of things. He keeps Caramel stabled near his country manse and does his riding in the primeval 61,000-acre Fontainebleau forest, the former hunting preserve of French monarchs from François I to Napoleon. He says, "You know, my life is usually so hectic it's nice to be alone with your horse in the quiet forest and dream for a few hours."

Noah plays golf for the same escape reasons, slipping off to a small country course in work on his 22 handicap. When in the city, he also plays soccer games for a team mainly made up of journalists and entertainers. And he can whip up a mean sauce béarnaise, a talent he developed during his lonely Paris bachelor days. "I can make anything," he says proudly. "I'm a very good spaghetti cooker. My specialité is chocolate mousse."

Noah's other abiding passion is cars. He owns six. In addition to the Mercedes,



Noah tried a new racket when he appeared on a French TV show with singer Bob Deacon in March.

he has a Ferrari, a VW Rabbit, a Jeep, a '54 Bentley and a '52 Auburn. He has learned from better experience not to drive the latter into Paris. It's so distinctive that it draws more attention than his locks. "The Auburn's my favorite," he says, "so sometimes I drive it around in the country for 10 minutes and then put it back in the garage." The Jeep he powers up into the desolate ravines near the Riviera and "jumps rocks."

What energies Noah doesn't expend on the court he exhausts on the Ping-Pong table. He has a *salle de Ping-Pong* at his country spread, but most often he tangles with his close friend, Louis Bertignac, lead guitarist for Téléphone, on a portable table that they set up backstage at various concerts. They go at it before and long after the music has subsided. "Yan has taught me how to clench my fists and growl like he does on the court," says Bertignac. "It helps my game, too." And Yan's guitar playing? "Well..." says Bertignac, rolling his eyes. Then he laughs. "But he does have great natural rhythm, of course."

Noah accepts such harmless gibes in good humor, giving as good as he gets from Bertignac, a comical Frenchman. "My politics are to play on the court and win," says Noah. "I don't know anything

about the other kind of politics, and I'm not interested in learning." However, when President François Mitterrand, looking to bolster his flagging popularity, recently invited Noah and his parents to accompany him on a two-day goodwill tour of Cameroon, Noah was hip enough to make certain beforehand that no allegiances—a la Sammy Davis Jr. hugging Richard Nixon—would be expected or implied. And though a throng of 50,000 jammed the airport and thousands more lined the route of the Presidential motorcade, many of them chanting "Ya-neek, Ya-neek," Noah insists, "I'm not an ambassador for any race or any country. My mother is white; my father is black. So inside me I don't feel like I'm black or white. I think I do more for people by winning Roland Garros than I could by going to South Africa and having meetings. Maybe when I'm 35 I'll change, but I don't think so."

Even so, Noah's very presence on the court is a statement. He wears a Cameroon bracelet on his left wrist and on his right a green, yellow and red sweatband, the Rastafarian colors. And, of course, there's that hair. "Looking at it from the black point of view," says Ashe, "the dreadlocks have cemented his identification with blacks in the Third World, all

continued

over the world for that matter. They figure a guy in his position at his age willing to do that, hey, they're eating it up!"

Though many assume differently, Noah says, "I am not a Rasta. I do not follow their way of life. I follow none, really, but my own. But I feel very close to my Rasta friends, and I find their philosophy about being happy with simple things, with the sun, the rain, good friends, interesting."

And ganja, or marijuana, which Rastafarians smoke as a sacramental rite? Noah has strong opinions about drugs, some of which he expounded in a controversial 1980 interview in *Rock & Folk*, a French magazine. Yes, he was quoted as saying, he sometimes smoked hashish but would never think of partaking before an important match. No, he never tried harder stuff like cocaine. But, yes, there were players in every tournament who used drugs, particularly cocaine and amphetamines, to enhance their play. Yes, the practice was becoming more widespread. And yes, he deplored it "because you're not being beaten with the same weapons."

At the time, the suggestion that professional tennis was being overrun by speed freaks and coke heads caused a stir in France but had little impact elsewhere. Most observers seemed to concur with Noah, who dismissed the interview as a "gag" and an "exaggeration." However, *Short Circuit*, a book by Michael Mewshaw that recaps Noah's remarks in a damning if not wholly new indictment of the greed and other excesses on the men's tour, has given a new currency to the drug flap. For Noah, the worst result has been a lingering suspicion that "I'm somebody I'm not, that I'm on drugs all the time." He will only say now that "this is 1983 and the opportunity for players to use dope is there," that he would never do so himself because it is "cheating" and that he is very much against taking drugs "to forget your problems and escape from reality."

All in all, Noah is a man of the people. All peoples, including the show-me New Yorkers who will crowd the National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadow for the 1983 U.S. Open, beginning Aug. 29. His suspension having ended July 25, Noah is priming for Flushing Meadow with tune-up tournaments in Montreal and Cincinnati. "I'm going to try and play well at the Open," he says, "because it was the first big tournament in which I proved myself. I scored my first big win there, beating Wojtek Fibak when I was 19, and I've felt at home at the Open ever since. I like the atmosphere. I like the courts, and the crowds like me. I can't wait, really. I love New York." Among other off-court pursuits, Noah enjoys taking in Broadway shows and concerts and making the rounds of Greenwich Village jazz joints. But most of all he is looking forward to freedom, the chance to "walk the streets and go to Central Park and play soccer with my friends without being recognized."

Well, he shouldn't count on that, for as Donald Dell, chairman of ProServ, Noah's management firm, notes, "Yannick's name value and marketability have gone way, way up in the U.S. We've been receiving tremendous offers for his services in the areas of men's cologne, automobiles, leisure wear and the like. It's not just France that realizes he is an exceptional human being."

Trouble is, Noah hasn't been dreaming lately, hasn't been playing out the stroke-by-stroke matches he wins in his

sleep and in the fantasies he conjures up while riding his horse through the dark forests. "I believe my dreams are signs that I'm going to make it," he says, "and they give me strength. But ever since Roland Garros—nothing. A blank. It's like losing a lover. When you achieve something you've dreamed about for a long time, you have to wait a little while before the warm feelings come over you again. So I'm waiting."

Meanwhile, Noah has been thinking about his role as dream fulfiller. "I've been receiving 100 letters a day from people thanking me for the moment I gave them at Roland Garros," he says. "That hits me in the heart, makes me feel good to know that I've made some people happy. Especially my family. I know how hard it was for my mom and dad to let me, you know, the only boy, leave home. And my coach, all the people who've helped me. I know how happy it makes them to see me do well. I mean, to see my dad crying after I won Roland Garros—woah! It killed me. When I saw that, well, the only thing I wanted to do was to do it again. Giving something back is the only thing. That's why I try hard to win, really, and that's why it's so hard to know if I should stop."

Stop? Yes, claims Noah. If becoming No. 1 means that he must change, he will stop. Sort of. "Not retire but not try too hard and just fade and disappear," he says. "As I get closer and closer to the top, it becomes more and more difficult to know if I want to go all the way, don't want to, do, don't. But I don't want to become a machine. I want to play tennis for the beauty of the game. And if I can't, well . . ."

Is he kidding? Not really, just working himself into a nice dark depression for the U.S. Open—the kind of black pit that inspires him to make big decisions about his next conquest. Will he go for it? Won't he? Are you kidding? Does a musketeer shrink from the fray? Do dreamers think small? *Allez, Yannick, allez!*



In February 1981, Noah won his first big event, in Ashe's hometown, Richmond.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 1-7

Compiled by LISA EWMAN

BALLOONING—OWEN KEOWN, who won't be 18 until next month, took 98 competitors to the national title and, adding to his list of accomplishments, became the youngest male to win the National Hot Air Championships in Indianapolis.

BOWLING—MARSHALL HOLMAN kept the Big Red 7-10-1984 as a PBA event in Austin, Texas.

BOWLING—HILTON McMillan, a 1984 Olympian, defeated Ralston Harrison to win a T&O at the 10th round in San Juan to win the W.B. super featherweight title (page 16).

DIVING—GREG LOUGANYS won the platform division for his 24th straight title at the U.S. Open in the city championships in Rancho Santa Fe. He had 641.54 points, 18.30 ahead of defending champ Bruce Kimball.

GOLF—HAL SUTTON, 1982 winner of the year, took a 10-under par 174 to beat Jack Nicklaus by one shot for the \$100,000 winners' check in the PGA Championship in Pacific Palisades, Calif.

HATFISH—1982 winner of the year, won her first tournament on the LPGA tour, closing an 11 under (par 27) to beat Jane Link by two strokes in Dunsmuir, Mass.

JUMPING—TIM STALLER of New York beat John Maher of California to win 18 holes to win the U.S. Open Junior Boys title in Holliston, Pa.

HARNESS RACING—DEANNA (55th) driven by Marley Dunlop, beat Winkley Girl by four lengths to claim the \$540,000 winners' prize in the Oak Harborside Trot at Madison, Wis. The 3-year-old trotted the mile in 1:57.6 time to become the first filly since 1966 to win the race (page 52).

HORSE RACING—SPIT CURE (511-20), ridden by John Canfield, beat Lady Norfolk by 100 lengths in the Oak Harborside Trot at Madison, Wis. The 2-year-old ran the 1/16 mile in 1:05.5.

MOTOR SPORTS—RINI AKHAR, a 1985 winner, won the German Grand Prix at Hockenheim. Her best time was 1:40.32, eight seconds the 422-mile Mercedes-Benz won.

MODERN PENTATHLON—ANASTOLE STABITSIN, of the U.S.N.R., won gold 5,900 points to defeat La Mar Seabright, who had 5,671 at the 27th World Pentathlon Championships in West Germany.

SOCCER—On July 26, Varnstrom led the second-place Coyotes by 27 points in the overall standings. A victory, but by Aug. 7, after five wins in six matches, the Coyotes had picked up 25 points on the Whittakers and trailed them by just five, 149-144. John Cesa, Romero started the Coyotes, 1-1 on one San Diego, scoring two goals as the Coyotes placed without George Chisholm, still among a pulled hamstring, and Roberto Chabos, who drew a one game suspension for exceeding the yellow card limit. The Coyotes then, on Monday, who lost to the Chicago Sting earlier, scored forward Steve Meyers scored two goals in that game, and Chabos and Vladimir Bogdanov, each had one. In the 19th round, San Diego took the Western Division by 27 points. Team America, which had scored only 10 goals in eight games, broke an eight-game losing streak by beating Fort Lauderdale 4-2. But Coyotes scored three T.A. goals.

SWIMMING—BRIAN CARRI broke the superworld record on the backstroke when he swam the 200-meter backstroke in 1:58.95, 26 seconds better than John Naber's mark set at the 1976 Olympics in Eindhoven, Calif. Three days later at the same meet, Cesa broke yet another Naber world mark in the morning performance. In the 100-meter backstroke with his time of 1:54.45, better than Naber's, in the evening, he broke that time to 1:53.88. MAEL GRIBBEL, former Bill Fother, 1981 world 100-meter butterfly record by 1/2 second with a 57.44, and NABER, U.S. NABER, broke his own world mark in the 100-meter butterfly by 1/10 with a time of 1:02.14 (page 60).

TENNIS—At the U.S. Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis, JIMMY ABRAHAM beat Andy Gomez of Ecuador 6-4, 2-6, 6-4 to claim the \$51,000 men's title. In the women's final, ANOREA FLEMING defeated Zina Garrison 6-2, 6-2 to win \$14,000 (page 40).

JOKE—JULIE FERGUSON beat Andy Gomez 6-1, 6-1 to claim the \$14,000 women's title in a Grand Prix tournament in South County, N.H. It was Cles's third straight championship.

MIKEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED By BRIAN TARKTON, 15 of Cumberland, R.I., the No. 1 pick in the 55 NFL draft, that he has signed a five-year \$700,000 contract with the Minnesota North Stars, thus making himself ineligible to play for the 1984 Olympics and by PAT LAPOSTOLLE, 16 of Detroit, the No. 2 pick in the draft and the No. 1 American chosen that he will not sign until the New York Islanders arrive after he plays for the U.S. team at Nanjing in February.

MIKEPOSTS—On charges of helping to sell cocaine to undercover agents of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, Washington Redskins Safety TONY PETERS, 36, at training camp in Carlisle, Pa.

NABER—An coach of the announced NFL franchise in Pittsburgh, JOE PLIMMER, 36, offensive coordinator of the Philadelphia Stars last season.

MIKEPOSTS—By the San Diego Chargers, Tampa Bay Buccaneers Running Back GARY ANDERSON, 27, San Diego's second pick in the first round of the '83 NFL draft, Anderson becomes the first player to jump a U.S. contract and sign with the NFL.

SUSPENDED—By NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, Los Angeles Rams' wide receiver MIKE REELLY, 24, for the entire 1983 season for having been \$5,000 in Rozelle. Reilly is currently serving a one-year jail sentence for criminal trespassing, spent time in prison in August 1982 accident. He has been participating in Rozelle's as part of a work for length program and had hoped to play all season.

TRIMMED—By the Minnesota North Stars, Center TOMMY MILLS, 28, in his Winnipeg job in defense men CARRI, 23, and TARKTON, 19.

By the New Orleans Saints, linebacker ED M. MENDIN, 29, in the Miami Dolphins, and also by the Seattle Seahawks, TONY M. MILLS, 32, to the Buffalo Bills.

***** CREDITS *****

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FACES IN THE CROWD



JUDY ROSENTHAL
LADY STARS
Rosenthal, 31, a player at the University of Tulsa, won the women's state match-play golf championship beating Anna Zahn one-up. Rosenthal is the only golfer to win three consecutive state high school and junior championships.



RON KIEHL
NORTH COUNTY
Kiehl, 31, won an unprecedented three road titles at the U.S. National Cycling Championships in San Diego. Kiehl took the men's road race and the individual time trial and was a member of the 7-Eleven championship team.



FERDE ADOBBE
NEW ZEALAND
Adabee, 19, a freshman at Monash University, set an unofficial world record for running 100 yards backward (11.2 seconds) at an all-conference meet at Sugarloaf Mountain, Maine. The old mark was 11.1 set by Paul Whelan of New Zealand in 1979.



DAMON FELTHAM
HAWAIIAN IS.
Damon, 15, won a second-round knockout of Joe Arrepana to win the Philadelphia Junior Olympics boxing title in the 14-and-under 112-pound class. He has been boxing since age five and has an 8-1 record with two KOs.



DUCKY DOYLE
MINNESOTA
Doyle, 22, a retired shipyard clerk completed his 44th season of softball pitching for the Bethlehem (Pa.) Panthers. When not pitching, Doyle competes in Allentown's city bowling league (over age 180), ice skating and plays golf.



ALEX GRAYARD
PENNSYLVANIA
Grayard, 28, won the 198-pound title at the Northeastern Powerlifting Championships when he squatted 635 pounds, bench-pressed 480 and deadlifted 640. He holds the state records for the deadlift (690) and total (1,175).

Edited by GAY FLOOD

WHAT PRICE VICTORY?

Sir

Brevia for Terry Todd (*The Steroid Prestige*, Aug. 17). He addresses the fundamental question of how far athletes will go to reach a plane above others. Competitors and officials have made a mockery of the tests for anabolic steroids that have been designed to protect athletes from the physical and psychological dangers of these controversial drugs. It is frightening to think that so many individuals will sacrifice their health to satisfy their ego. As a competitive powerlifter, I frequently find myself studying my opponents and wondering how many of them have an unfair edge over people like me because they take artificial stimulants. Todd makes it painfully obvious that our society places too much emphasis on winning at any cost.

GEORGE O'SHEA
Wentham, Mass.

Sir

I'm 26 years old and have been into weightlifting for only a year and a half. I had naturally big muscles, and when I went to gym, I was always asked what type of steroids I was taking. This fueled my curiosity about them, and, finally, I got some money together and got steroids very easily.

I used no more than 30 milligrams a day for one month. During that time my bench, squat and dead-lift performances all increased, as did my heart rate, blood pressure and appetite for sex. My feces turned a dark green, indicating to me a bile or gallbladder dysfunction. This was after only a month's use. I stopped taking the drugs. Still, I have a handful of friends who are using 10 to 200 milligrams of Dianabol, 10 to 20 milligrams of Winstrol, 100 milligrams of testosterone or an injection of Pregnyl every other day. Their mood swings are unpredictable. It has gotten so bad I have quit lifting with them. If this is happening in a little town (pop. 3,200) like mine, the practice is certainly widespread.

To any young athlete out there who is thinking of trying steroids, I say don't. Hard workouts, a balanced diet and plenty of sleep will get you what you want, particularly if you are determined.

Name and address
withheld by request

Sir

I agree 100% with what Terry Todd has to say about anabolic steroids. I have competed in a powerlifting meet against men who were taking them. Though I was satisfied with my totals, I felt very disappointed. I will never take steroids, so I will probably never take first place in a powerlifting meet. It is sure

nice to know that there are "clean" lifters around who feel the same way I do.

JIM KUELGAR
Tucson

Sir

I was shocked and dismayed by the lack of a suitable response from Olan Cassell, executive director of The Athletics Congress, to the question of why TAC has never tested for drugs. And this from a man who represents an organization that includes members as young as eight or nine. The girls in our local track club already realize that steroids and other performance-enhancing drugs are probably dangerous and without doubt unethical.

RICK JOHNSON
TAC National Chairman,
Girls' Track & Field
Tempe, Ariz.

Sir

I was appalled at the attitude and callous regard for human life that Arthur Jones, president of Nautilus Sports/Medical Industries Inc., advocates in using human subjects south of the border to conduct research on steroids. I suggest that Jones be the first to volunteer his body for the steroid research he outlines.

SAMUEL GAGLIARDI
Baden, Pa.

A GOOD BREW

Sir

Thank you for Ron Famine's brilliant article on the utopian Milwaukee Brewers (*Something Big Is Brewing*, Aug. 1). Now the entire country will have some respect for this awesome offensive team, which has proved that last year was no fluke. I just wish there had been even more recognition of Cecil Cooper, the best first baseman in the game today. He has never hit below .300 as a Brewer, he has driven in more than 100 runs in each of the last three complete seasons, his average has been consistently better than Eddie Murray's, he has better power than Rod Carew, and he is an outstanding fielder. It's time Cooper was named MVP.

CHRIS SKORZ
Cincinnati

IN THE SWIM

Sir

I enjoyed Dan Levin's article covering the Second Annual Manhattan Island Swimming Marathon (*This Fellow Really Gets Around Town*, Aug. 1). The idea of swimming around the Big Apple is fascinating, anyway, but this year I had a special interest. Claiming to have entered the contest, my husband, John, left me and three small children at home on Friday, July 22, and went off with an airplane ticket for New York City. He returned the fol-

lowing Monday night, penniless, haggard and exhausted to the point of delirium. For several hours he recounted the weekend, raving on about meeting the oldest man to cross the English Channel and competing against a top-level Australian swimmer.

My skepticism about all this grew when he boasted that he not only completed the swim, but actually finished third! When I inquired as to where his medal was, he babbled, dozing off. "Oh, the meet director said he'd mail it. Besides, an SI writer was there. You'll read all about it this week."

Well, Levin confirmed everything John said, except for one thing: Could you please tell me who placed third?

ELLEN SHIR, M.
Charlottesville, Va.

According to Drury Gallagher, president of the Manhattan Island Swimming Association, sponsor of the marathon, John Shrum, M.D. finished third—second in his age group (30 to 39)—with a time of 8:25:18, nine minutes and 33 seconds behind winner Harald Johnson. Says Gallagher, this qualified Shrum for "a 32-inch trophy, which will be going out this week"—WED.

NILE KINICK

Sir

It was a shock to read the suggestion in *SHORTCARD* (Aug. 1) that Nile Kinick didn't live long enough to succeed in business and, therefore, did not meet the Hall of Fame requirement that an inductee "must have succeeded... after football, in business or law or medicine or the military or something."

Nile, who had been studying law, died for his country while serving as a naval pilot in World War II. He chose to let his plane go into the sea rather than land on the deck of his aircraft carrier, which had become jammed up, and jeopardize the lives of his comrades as his gas supply became exhausted. No finer deed!

My father, Nile's coach at Iowa, is in the Hall of Fame, so I will not comment on Woody Hayes or Billy Cannon. But I cannot let you so flippantly handle a person like Kinick. Nile could have—and would have—been a success in anything. Instead, he's simply a dead military hero.

EDWARD N. ANDERSON JR.
Dade City, Fla.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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